DROMIO OF EPHESUS: "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth"

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS *Act* V *Scene* 1

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THREE

COMEDY OF ERRORS
A WINTER'S TALE
HENRY VIII
RICHARD III

PR
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The Comedy of Errors.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Comedy of Errors* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure.* "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus;* the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi*; to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans.*

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1770.

Date of Composition. *The Comedy of Errors* is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was *played by the players*; so that *night* began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies of "Errors" (a "Historie of Error" was acted by

the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576-7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearian plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of *internal evidence* are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same Scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589-91.* This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (*e. g.* Act II. ii. 200, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; *cp.* Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labour's Lost,* II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i. 72).

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—"a farce of mistaken identity," which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favourite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearian paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of "*Jack Juggler*" (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menœcmi, a pleasant and fine conceited Comœdie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in Eng-*

* *Cp. An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes, pp. 16-20.

lish, by W. W. (i.e. "*William Warner*"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

> "Two Twin-born sons, a Sicill merchant had,
> Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
> The first his Father lost, a little lad,
> The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
> This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
> His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
> That Citizens there take him for the same:
> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> *Much pleasant error,* ere they meet togither."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors.* (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part II. vol. i.).

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

Senex. What is the matter?
Mulier. He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act II. i. 100:—

Adriana. *He breaks the pale,*
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error'" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Platus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcemna, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device; and all the pathos of the play is his: there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Platus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

The Unities. In spite, however, of this romanticising of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism. "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonising Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, is condemned to death, in default of ransom, by the Duke of Ephesus for bringing traffic into the Ephesian port. Being requested by the Duke to give the cause of his visit to a hostile city, the prisoner states that he is on a quest for missing members of his family. Some years before, twin sons had been born to him and his wife Æmilia. At "that very hour and in the selfsame inn" a poorer woman was also delivered of twin sons, which Ægeon had "bought and brought up to attend" his boys. Shortly afterward the party had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to their Syracusian home. All had been rescued, but the husband was parted from the wife; and the twin sons and attendants were separated from their respective counterparts. Ægeon, with his younger son and servant, had been conveyed to Syracuse, where for eighteen years they dwelt without tidings of the other three. Finally Antipholus, his son, now well grown, had set forth in search of them, while Ægeon renewed his own quest. During seven years father and son had heard nothing of each other nor of the rest. All this Ægeon tells the Duke in explanation of his wanderings. Touched by the narrative, the Duke gives him further respite of a day in which to seek ransom.

Unknown to his father, Antipholus of Syracuse and his servant Dromio are even then visiting in Ephesus. Furthermore it so chances that his brother, whom he has

not found and who is known as Antipholus of Ephesus, resides there in high favor with the Duke, and wedded to Adriana, a woman of rank. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his master and delivers a message from Adriana to the effect that dinner is awaiting him.

II. The servant having fled home beaten for his pains, Adriana herself arrives and persuades the bewildered Antipholus of Syracuse to come to dinner with her; for she also is deceived as to his identity. Dromio of Syracuse is put on guard at the gate with instructions to deny admittance to visitors during the repast.

III. The real husband presently arrives at his door and is greatly astonished and incensed to find it barred against him; but is persuaded to retire to a public house and bide his time. Meanwhile the false husband stoutly maintains that there is a mistake, and makes fair speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, rather than to Adriana herself. The two Dromios are suffering most of all from the comedy of errors, being continually confused, sent on the wrong errands and getting beatings for their pains.

IV. The muddle of identities grows constantly more perplexing for both masters and servants. Tradesmen confuse the two Antipholuses. A gold chain made for the Ephesian is bestowed upon the Syracusian, and the Ephesian is arrested for refusing to pay the debt. The Syracusian and his servant believe themselves bewitched and prepare for speedy departure.

V. They are forced to take refuge in a priory from the misguided merchants and Adriana. The abbess protects them. At this juncture the Duke arrives in company with officers conducting Ægeon to his execution. Adriana demands from the Duke custody of her husband, whom she believes to be demented and now sequestered in the priory. Charge and counter-charge are made by conflicting witnesses until the joint appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios unravels the snarl. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled with his

wife. Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with her sister Luciana. The old Ægeon is pardoned, and to the pleasure of greeting both his sons is added the delight of finding in the person of the abbess his long-lost wife Æmilia; while the two Dromios in the joy of meeting forget their woes and blows.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Two Antipholuses.

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspere's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

> "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
> To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
> Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

> "But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
> I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

> "The fellow is distract and so am I;
> And here we wander in illusions:
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence."

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the errors are

clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
> If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

> "Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the errors; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true; in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

> "Your long experience of her wisdom,
> Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
> Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience"; he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

> "That chain will I bestow
> (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
> Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar

situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

> "Go thou
> And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
> Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the "rope's end" instead of his "ducats." His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

> "Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,"

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took "deep scars" to save his prince's life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving; that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

> "a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

The Two Dromios.

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their "merry jests"; they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth.

The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

> "The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

Again:—

> "I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both."

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and, we have no doubt, gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether

irresistibly droll. The twin brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Adriana.

Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

"My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours."

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—"to see the making of a carcanet," designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor's party at the house of the courtesan; and though the extrava-

gance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,—

> "I know a wench of excellent discourse,
> Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,"

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence, no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' 'Mulier,' who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

V.

Aegeon.

This drama of Shakespeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the *Menæchmi*

of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our Poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakespeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin-brothers.

In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied in a great measure by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama, where the reunion of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the dénouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

The story of Ægeon . . . envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen.* Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery

or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pinch.

Pinch the conjurer is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism:—

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
> A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living-dead man."

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Pinch (whom we cannot afford to part with for the sake of avoiding the anachronism pointed out by Hazlitt —who, by the way, was himself too good a judge of excellence seriously to give up the character on that score) affords a pleasant instance of Shakespeare's gay exaggeration in humour; the high spirits of an author taking shape in his writing, as it were. The description of the fellow is capital.

> "This pernicious slave,
> Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
> And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
> And with *no face*, as 't were, outfacing me,
> Cries out, I was possess'd."

That touch of the "no face" sets the man, with his attenuated vacant countenance and glaring eyes, palpably before us.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VII.

Proofs of Early Origin.

. . . Another proof [that this is one of the dramatist's early plays] is the fresh, youthful atmosphere of joke and jest which pervades the whole, a naïve pleasure in what is jocose and laughable for its own sake, and which, not being yet burdened by the weight of years, moves more lightly and more on the surface of things, and without that power and depth of humour which distinguishes the poet's maturer works. The action is represented more from the side of its outward form and direct appearance, but, so to say, only in coloured outlines—light and shade are indicated only by gentle touches—the figures therefore do not stand out with sufficient fulness and clearness, there is still a want of sharpness in the characterisation, of clearness in the grouping, of distinctness in the coherency and in the harmonious connection of the several parts among one another. The frequent occurrence of scenes of quarrel and dispute, occasioned by the perpetual errors and mistakes, reminds one of the original and popular form which comedy assumed, and in which it first met with approbation. Even the striking psychological improbability that the one of the two Menæchmi—Antipholus of Syracuse—should go forth with the express purpose of seeking his lost brother, and that, in spite of all the obvious mistakes of his identity with another exactly like himself, it should never occur to him that he is in the very place where his twin-brother had been cast—might be cited as a proof of the early origin of the piece, were it not so gross, so self-

evident that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of young Shakspeare. This improbability is accordingly made a characteristic feature of the piece, and points to a definite intention on the part of the poet. Why, we have to ask, why did Shakspeare intentionally ignore this improbability? Why did he not give the journey of Antipholus to Ephesus some other motive? Perhaps because he did not consider it necessary in mere comedy—where all is intended for pure fun and laughter—to take any heed of things which would only strike and offend mere reflecting reason, and not at all affect the poetical conception; perhaps, however, for another and deeper reason.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Legitimate Farce.

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In this play Shakspere gayly confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakspere was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province, for to such subjects he never returned.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves. . . . To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The *Comedy of Errors* not only surpasses the *Menæchmi* in the greater complexity of its plot, its greater variety of incident, but also in its more generous treatment of human nature. Not that elaborately wrought-out characters are to be sought in it; for this, it must be remembered, is Shakespeare's most absolutely comic, and almost farcical play, and in this particular class of work he never handled the incisive tool of an engraver, like Molière—his pencil runs galloping over the canvas with a light fantastic touch; and this play is, moreover, one of his most youthful performances.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Comedy of Errors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses.*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Mart.

[*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.*

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me!

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practice to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd'; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That 's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:

not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no:
If not I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband: 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in
the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went,
like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man,

sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me'; that 's as much to say, 'God make

me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*

Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart
to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took his place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity,
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.
Albeit, although; V. i. 217.
Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.
Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.
Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 39.
Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.
Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 138.
A-row, in a row, one after another, V. i. 170.
Assured, affianced; III. ii. 143.
Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.
Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.
Austerley, seriously; IV. ii. 2.

Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.
Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 139.
Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.
Beads, rosary; II. ii. 189.
Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.
Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.
Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.
Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.
Bestrid; "b. thee," *i.e.* "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.
Board, table; III. ii. 18.
Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 138.

From an engraving in Halliwell's Folio Edition.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing: III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 119.

Case; "an action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as might aggravate his malignant humours"; II. ii. 62.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," *i.e.* "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

From a Sixteenth Century Venetian specimen.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 134.
Coil, ado; III. i. 48.
Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.
Common; "make a c. of," *i.e.* "use as a playground"; II. ii. 29.
Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.
Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.
Conceit, conception; III. ii. 34. apprehension; IV. ii. 65.
Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.
Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.
Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 181.
Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.
Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.
Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.
Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.
Curtal, having a docked tail; III. ii. 148 (*cp.* "turn i' the wheel").
Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.
Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts = to draw lots"; V. i. 422.

Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.
Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.
Death; "the death," *i.e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.
Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.
Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.
Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.
Declining, inclining; III. ii. 136.
Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.
Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.
Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 82.
Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.
Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i.e.* "though I feel despiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.
Detain, withhold; II. i. 107
Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.
Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.
Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.
Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.
Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.
Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 147.
Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 41.
Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 142.
Dowsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.
Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.
Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 63.
Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 26.

Earnest; used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.
Ecstasy, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.
Everlasting garment, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,—"a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.
Excrement, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.
Exempt, separated; II. ii. 172.

Fair, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.
Faith; "breast . . . of faith" ("flint has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 148.
Fall, let fall; II. ii. 127.
Falsing, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.
Fine and recovery; a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 74.
Finger; "to put the f. in the eye," *i.e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 205.
Fly pride; "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 80.
Folded, concealed; III. ii. 36.
Fond, doting; II. i. 116.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.
Fool-begg'd, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.
Formal, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.
Forswore; "forswore to have," *i.e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.
Forth; "to find f.," *i.e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 211.
For why, because; III. ii. 104.
Fraughtage, freight; IV. i. 87.

Genius, attending spirit; V. i. 332.
Get within, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.
Gillian = Juliana; III. i. 31.
Ginn = Jenny; III. i. 31.
Good now = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.
Gossip, make merry; V. i. 407.
Gossiping, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.
Gossips, sponsors; V. i. 405.
Grain; "in grain," *i.e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 107.
Grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.
Growing, accruing; IV. i. 8.
Guilders; Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.

Harlots, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

Hatch, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.
Healthful, full of safety; I. i. 115.
Heart's meteors; "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.
Heir (with a play upon hair, *cf.* Preface); III. ii. 125.
Hell, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.
Helpless, unavailing; II. i. 39.
His, its; II. i. 110.
Hit of, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.
Holp, helped; IV. i. 22.
Horn-mad; "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
Host; "lay at h. in," *i.e.* "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
Host, lodge; I. ii. 9.
Hoy, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 39.

Impeach, impeachment; V. i. 269.
Important, importunate; V. i. 138.
Instance, indication; I. i. 65.
Intestine, internal; I. i. 11.

Jest upon, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
Judgement; "before the J.," there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process*; IV. ii. 40.

Kitchen'd, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.

Lapland; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (*cp.* Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
Lash'd, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
Lets, hinders; II. i. 105.
Liberties, libertinisms, "l. of sin," *i.e.* "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
Light, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 51.
Limbo; a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"); IV. ii. 32.
Love-springs, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

Mace, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 28.
Made, barred; III. i. 93.
Making, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
Malt-horse; a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
Mated; used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 45.
Mickle, much; III. i. 45.
Minion, favourite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 63; *pl.* II. i. 87.
Mome, buffoon; III. i. 32.

Mood, anger; II. ii. 171.
Morris-pike, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 28.
Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.
Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.
Mountebanks; "prating m."; I. ii. 101; *cp.* the following woodcut:—

From an early black-letter ballad in the collection of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq.

Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 182.

Nature, natural affection; I. i. 35.
New-apparelled (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.
Nicks; "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.

Of, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea") = off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
On; "on night," *i.e.* "a night"; V. i. 210.
Once this; "so much is certain"; III. i. 89.

Duke of Suffolk's fool (*temp.* Henry VIII). From Brydges's *Memoirs of the Peers of England.*

Order, measures; V. i. 146.

Other; "no other cause," *i.e.* "no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.
Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.
Parcel, part; V. i. 106.
Part, depart; III. i. 67.
Partial; "I am not p. to infringe," *i.e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.
Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.
Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.
Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.
Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.
Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.
Perdie, par dieu! IV. iv. 74.
Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 94.
Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.
Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.
Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.
Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.

From a leaden token in the collection of the late C. Roach Smith, Esq.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.
Post; used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.
Presently, immediately; III. ii. 150.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 89.
Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 27.
Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 124.
Road, harbour; III. ii. 150.
Round; used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.
Runs counter; follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.
Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.
Season, opportunity; "to s." = "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.
Semblance, (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.
Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive") IV. iv. 28.
Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.
Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 209.

Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.

Sir-reverence; a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'-reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ; save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 91.

Sob (first Folio reads "fob," *i.e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.

Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i.e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.

Soothe, humour; IV. iv. 82.

Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.

Sot, dolt; II. ii. 195.

Sour (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.

Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.

Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"); IV. iii. 60.

Stale; "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.

Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 68.

Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.

Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.

Stray'd caused to stray; V. i. 51.

Strong; "s. escape," *i.e.* "escape effected by *strength,* or violence"; V. i. 148.

Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 145.

Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 153.

Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.

Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.

Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," *i.e.* "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.

Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.

Tilting, v. *Heart's Meteors.*

Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.

Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 98.

To, of; III. ii. 168.

Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.

Train, entice; III. ii. 45.

Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly." (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts,* 1607); III. ii. 149.

From a representation taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales, at the close of the last century.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" = "stand under"); II. ii. 49.

Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.

Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 127.

Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.

Villain (used good-humouredly); I. ii. 19.

Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.

Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 110.

Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 100.

Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 214.

When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.

When as, whenas, *i.e.* when; IV. iv. 140.

Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.

Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.

Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 55. '*meaner,*' S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1 '*meane,*' Folio 2 '*poor meane.*'

I. i. 79. '*the latter-born*'; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be 'elder-born,' a change adopted by Rowe; but probably 'the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship.'

I. ii. 41. '*the almanac of my true date,*' because both were born in the same hour.

I. ii. 64. '*I shall be post indeed*'; a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were *scored,* or marked with chalk or notches.

I. ii. 66. '*clock*'; Pope's emendation for '*cook,*' the reading of the Folios.

II. i. 109-113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

> '*I see the Iewell best enameled*
> *Will loose his lustre; yet the gold bides still*
> *That others touch, and often touching will,*
> *Where gold and no man that hath a name,*' etc.

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i.e.* assaying) will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed

too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. 'Wherefore,' says Adriana, 'since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away,' etc.

II. ii. 89. *'jollity'*; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for *'policy,'* and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors.

II. ii. 119. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee*; others propose the omission of *to thee*; neither change seems desirable.

II. ii. 147. *'I live distain'd, thou undishonoured'*; so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed *'I live distained, thou dishonoured.'* The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, 'I live distained (*i.e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonoured, however false you may be.'

II. ii. 186. *'this are sure uncertainty'*; *i.e.* 'This to her surely a thing uncertain.'

II. ii. 191. The second folio reads *'and Elves Sprites,'* which Rowe altered to *Elvish sprites,* a reading adopted by most editors. Theobald proposed to change *owls* to *ouphes.*

II. ii. 195. *'thou drone,'* Theobald's emendation; Folio 1 *'thou Dromio.'*

II. ii. 200. *''tis to an ass'*; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

III. i. 53. *'If thy name be called Luce'*; *'Luce'* = 'pike'; there is perhaps a play upon 'pike' in the sense of 'spear,' *cp. 'Shall I set in my staff?'* line 51.

III. i. 54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope.*

III. ii. 66. *'I am thee'*; this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—*'I aim thee,' i.e. 'I aim at thee'*; the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.

III. ii. 124. *'armed and reverted, making war against her heir'*; Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir,* but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke).

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (*cp.* Preface).

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted, i.e.* 'turned back,' Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of 'fallen to another proprietor.'

IV. i. 21. *'I buy a thousand pound a year'*; some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

> *"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,*
> *To make this shameless callet know herself."*

IV. ii. 35. *'A fiend, a fury'*; the Folios read *'fairy,'* corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading (*e.g. cp. Hamlet,* I. i. 161-163).

IV. ii. 61. *'If Time be in debt'*; the Folios read *'If I,'* where *I* is probably an error for *'a* (*i.e. he*) or *he*; the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.

IV. iii. 13. *'What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?' 'The picture of old Adam'* = the sergeant, who was clad *'in buff'*; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of 'bare skin,' *i.e.* 'naked'; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is 'got him a new *suit*,' *i.e.* 'got rid of him.' On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase *'what have you got?'* is a vulgarism for *'What have you done with?'* Theobald proposed to read *'What, have you got rid of the picture,'* etc. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase *'the picture of old Adam new-apparelled'* being an elaborate circumlocution for 'sergeant.'

IV. iii. 58. *'We'll mend our dinner,' i.e.* 'we'll buy something more for our dinner.'

IV. iv. 45. *'the prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's end'*; the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

> *"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.*
> *Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"*

Dyce proposed, *'or, rather, to prophecy like,'* etc.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's *Hudibras,*

> *"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
> *That speak, but think contrary clean;*
> *What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
> *When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

V. i. 46. *'And much different,'* etc., the second Folio, for the sake of the metre, reads *much, much*; a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.

V. i. 66. *'glanced it'*; Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint,* used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced.*

V. i. 79. *'But moody and dull melancholy'*; something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin,* which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman.*

V. i. 170. *'Beaten the maids,'* etc., *i.e. have beaten*; but the previous verb has *are*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.

V. i. 310. *'my feeble key of untuned cares?' i.e.* 'the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief.'

V. i. 388. *'these* Errors *are arose,'* so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare,* but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.

V. i. 400. *'Thirty-three years'*; this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act. I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three,* from Act I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for 'twenty years'; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.

V. i. 402. *'burthen ne'er,'* Dyce; Folio 1, *'burthen are.'*

V. i. 404. *'And you the calendars of their nativity;' i.e.* the two Dromios; *cp.* 'Here comes the almanac of my true date,' I. ii. 41.

V. i. 406. *'After so long grief, such nativity!'* the labouring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

'After | so long | grief, súch | natív | ity.'

There seems no reason for changing *nativity,* though Hanmer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity.*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1. The paternal Ægeon resembles the Egeus of *Midsummer-Night's Dream,* as in name so in position and function in the play; introduced with a Duke judicial in the first Scene, he supplies the place of prologue, and only reappears, after the development of the situations he set forth into a wild succession of ingenious entanglements, to assist at and witness their final evolution with surprise and satisfaction.

13 *et seq. It hath in solemn synods been decreed,* etc.:—"The offence which Ægeon had committed," says Knight, "and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the Poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew,* written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors,* the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand":—

Tranio. Of Mantau, sir? marry, God forbid!
Pedant. Of Mantua.
Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

52 *et seq. the one so like the other,* etc.:—Knight remarks: "In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakespeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the '*meretrix, uxor, et socer*' (softened by Warner into 'father, wife, neighbours')." On this point of the perplexities Lloyd says: "The entire action of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus is generated by the mistaken identities and twin brothers; and of like nature is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors,* and the importance which a mere casualty and coincidence asserts for itself in the action, is an original quality in the stuff of the play that would render a varied display of fine characterization, inappropriate at least, if not impossible. But the poet who chooses a theme of restricted capability, is at least bound to avail himself to the utmost of what capability it has; that this was not done by Plautus is proved by the comedy of Shakespeare which complicates the source of embarrassment—the personal resemblance of two masters, by the addition of a pair of servants equally undistinguishable; and most triumphantly overcomes all the difficulty of the double complication carried out to the most extravagant pitch of mistakes and misconception. The reader and still more the spectator, enjoys the perplexities of a well-filled scene while he never falls into perplexity himself."

88. *towards Corinth*:—"Towards," says Hudson, "is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first."

152. *beneficial help*:—"Assistance rendered out of charity or kindness."

155. *if no*:—*No,* which is the reading of the first Folio, was formerly often used for *not.*

Scene II.

97 *et seq.* "Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors,*

'They say this town is full of cozenage,' etc.

was derived from Warner's translation, where 'ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtesans,' are found; the *voluptarii, potatores, sycophantæ, palpatores,* and *meretrices* of Plautus. But the 'jugglers,' 'sorcerers,' 'witches,' of Shakespeare are not these. With his exquisite judgement, Shakespeare gave Ephesus more characteristic 'liberties of sin.'" Lloyd remarks that "the description is in accordance with various classical notices of Ephesian practice, but inasmuch as it is still more so with the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the exorcists in that city, Jewish and other, we cannot argue from the passage either in favour of the classical acquirements of Shakespeare, or against his originality if these are denied him. We see at least the Poet's motive for transferring his *Comedy of Errors* to a locality where such errors would most alarm and bewilder, and professors of exorcism like our zealous anatomy Pinch, be within call."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4. *Luciana*:—A fair reward is by the introduction of this character provided for Antipholus, the traveller—a pleasing scene of love-making, although a little at cross purposes, and the prospect of a wedding at last, the only true benediction to the fortunes of a comedy. Richard Grant White says that in the substitution of Luciana, the sister of Adriana, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife.

30. *start some other where?*—That is, somewhere else. The sense seems to be, how if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?

32. *though she pause*:—"Meaning, I suppose," says Hudson, "that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet when* she has nothing to fret or disturb her."

33. *that have no other cause*:—That is, *no cause* to be otherwise.

41. *fool-begg'd patience,* etc.:—Referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to their property. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office.

95. *master of my state*:—*State* here means *estate.* This usage was frequent in Shakespeare's day.

98. *Of my defeatures*:—Cotgave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*" It occurs again in the last Act; and is also used by the Poet in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "To mingle beauty with infirmities,
> And pure perfection with impure *defeature.*"

Scene II.

38. *and insconce it too*:—To *insconce* was to *hide,* to protect as with a fort.

62. *Lest it make you choleric*:—Meats overdone in cooking were supposed to induce this condition. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

> "I tell thee, Kate 'twas burnt and dried away;
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it engenders *choler,* planteth anger."

82, 83. *there's many a man,* etc.:—The following lines upon Suckling's *Aglaura,* printed in folio, may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

> "This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
> To be like one that hath more hair than head;
> More excrement than body:—trees which sprout
> With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

84, 85. *hath the wit to lose his hair*:—An allusion to the effects of the so-called French disease, which caused loss of hair.

172. *you are from me exempt*:—Shakespeare uses the word *exempt* in 1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv., in a similar sense:—

> "And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
> Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?"

So in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> "Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
> They fix you there a rock whence they're *exempt*."

175. *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*:—So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: "They led the vine to wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*. See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.

179. *idle moss*:—That is, *unfruitful*. So in *Othello*, I. iii.: "Antres vast and deserts *idle*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

6, 7. *would face me down*, etc.:—The meaning, according to Hudson, is: "Would *convince* me *that* he met me on the mart, and that I beat him."

15. *Marry*:—This interjection is a short way of putting the old form of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary. It thus evolved into a common exclamation of the Elizabethan period.

60. *a pair of stocks*:—The stocks were a rude device for the punishment of evil-doers. The device consisted of timbers or boards with holes cut in them. The boards were held between upright posts. The offender's feet were thrust through the holes in the boards and securely fastened.

83. *we'll pluck a crow together*:—To pluck a crow with any one was to quarrel or fight with him; a proverbial phrase.

95. *let us to the Tiger*:—An inn of that name. *Centaur* and *Phœnix*, already mentioned, were likewise inns.

Scene II.

3. *love-springs*:—Shakespeare uses this term again in *Venus and Adonis*: "This canker that eats up Love's tender *spring*." And in the *Rape of Lucrece*: "To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs*."

52. By *Love* here is meant Venus, *Queen* of love. In *Venus and Adonis* she says:—

> "Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

110 *et seq. Nell, sir;* etc.:—Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell*; referring to an ell Flemish, which is three-quarters of a yard.

166. *guilty to self-wrong*:—So in *The Winter's Tale*: "But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do."

184. *So fair an offer'd chain*:—A chain so fairly offered.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

95. *to hire waftage*:—*Hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

Scene II.

6. *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*—The following in *Paradise Lost*, ii., may be read in connection with the idea underlying these words:—

> "As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

7. *denied*, etc.:—So in *Richard III.*:—

> "You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
> Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

27. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*:—This proverbial expression is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure,* I. iv. 32.

33. *everlasting garment*:—This characteristic of the buff jerkin is also noted in 1 *Henry IV.*: "And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance?*" So also in Davies's *Epigrams*:—

> "Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
> Endure as long as a *buff jerkin* would."

38. *lands*:—Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the rhyme.

56. *if any hour meet a sergeant*:—*Hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so.

Scene III.

60, 61. *or bespeak a long spoon*:—This proverb, "He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon," is alluded to again in *The Tempest,* II. ii.

Scene IV.

30. *my long ears*:—Hudson makes this a quibble between *ears* and *years.*

54. *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!*—This *tremor* was thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban, in *The Tempest,* II. ii., says: "Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

62. *Copy*:—"Copy," says Hudson, "here seems to mean principal topic or theme; that is, the pattern or form after which the conversation was shaped." Steevens has the like explanation. Schmidt suggests, "a law to be followed, a rule to be observed."

81. *at her heels*:—This *her,* referring to *kinsman,* has puzzled the commentators. It was no very unusual thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice,* Por-

tia says: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."

138. *important*:—Shakespeare uses this word again in *King Lear*, and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in the same sense (*importunate*). The Poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England.

192. *bestrid*:—This act of friendship is mentioned by Shakespeare in 1 *Henry IV.*: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so; 'tis a point of friendship." Again in 2 *Henry VI.*:—

> "Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid him*; thrice I led him off."

346 *et seq. If I dream not*, etc.:—In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

356. *his morning story*:—The *morning story* is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first Scene of this play.

Questions on

The Comedy of Errors.

1. What is the date of this play?
2. In what contemporary account is it mentioned?
3. Mention some points of internal evidence that help to establish the date.
4. What Latin author has furnished the basis of this play?
5. In what respects does Shakespeare's play differ?
6. Name the canons of the classic drama that Shakespeare has observed in this play.

ACT FIRST.

7. State the cause of the existing enmity between Ephesus and Syracuse, and tell what legislation has followed, under which Ægeon suffers.
8. How does Ægeon play the part of prologue?
9. Give the parts of his story.
10. Is the first Scene in the key of the rest of the drama?
11. What kind of a play might one reasonably expect from the note here struck?
12. How is the transition made from the sober incidents of the first Scene to the broad comedy of the second?
13. Upon what quest is Antipholus of Syracuse engaged?
14. What is the first misadventure and what misunderstanding does it involve?

ACT SECOND.

15. Contrast the characters of the two sisters as exhibited in the first Scene.
16. What expectations are aroused respecting the part Luciana will play in the comedy?

17. What structural oddities of speech does Dromio of Ephesus affect?

18. What relationship evidently existed between Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio?

19. If the Syracusian Dromio shows intellectual qualities differing from the Ephesian, might the masters have been expected to detect the difference and comment on it?

20. What theatrical opportunities does Adriana's long speech (Sc. ii.) afford?

21. In the case of Adriana, has Shakespeare gone outside the absolute demands of farce in embracing an opportunity for characterization?

22. How does the second Act close?

ACT THIRD.

23. Indicate the metrical change in Sc. i.

24. Is its effect humorous?

25. What scene is enacted outside the door of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

27. How does Antipholus of Ephesus repay his wife for excluding him from his house?

28. Comment on the mixture of seriousness and drollery in the dialogue (Sc. ii.) between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana.

29. Does any other Scene in the play match it in quality? Does the dénouement satisfy the expectations of this Scene?

30. Into what comic plight did Dromio of Syracuse fall at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

31. Mention some things in this Scene indicating that this is an early play of Shakespeare's.

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

33. What mistake is made with the chain?

ACT FOURTH.

34. Indicate the function of the Merchant in accelerating the speed of the complication.

35. When does the *rope* enter as an element of the plot, and what use is made of it in the subsequent action?

36. What difference is precipitated between Angelo and Antipholus of Ephesus?

37. On what second errand is Dromio of Syracuse sent to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

38. State the episodic value of the opening dialogue of Sc. ii.

39. Show the complication of misunderstandings presented in the second part of the Scene.

40. Where is the climax of complication involving Antipholus of Syracuse?

41. Mention the various elements that comprise the complication.

42. Mention the various elements that comprise the climax of complications involving Antipholus of Ephesus.

43. State the case from the point of view of the Courtesan.

44. What is the concluding episode of the fourth Scene?

ACT FIFTH.

45. Are the complications presented in the last Act only accessory to those that involve the protagonists, and therefore partake of the nature of resolutions of the plot?

46. What part does the Abbess play in the drama and in the plot?

47. How is the situation with which the play opened recurred to in the last Act?

48. When is the exact moment of solution?

49. Describe Pinch. Of whom is he doubtless a prototype?

50. Comment on his appearance and actions. What was his fate?

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51. Is this play pure farce; or is it mingled with elements of comedy?

52. Swinburne has praised its elegiac qualities. Indicate the parts that may be so described.

53. Contrast the two Antipholuses. Which is the superior in qualities?

54. Do the same for the two Dromios.

The Winter's Tale

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from consideration of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610-11: —(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of the Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evi-

dence:—(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakeable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest,* 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the Poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!'

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—probably based on some real episode in the history of Poland and Bohemia in the XIVth century (*cp. Englische Studien,* 1878, 1888—*'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time'* (*or, 'Dorastus and Fawnia'*) "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister

fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*"* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose death-bed utterances, reported in his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,*' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum,* 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale,* at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia.*†

The two lovers.
From the title page of '*Dorastus and Fawnia.*'

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library.* (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

† A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido,* as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

> *'Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,*
> *To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?'*

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i.) In the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connexion with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale,* from this latter point of view, suggests comparisons with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.*

* *Cp.* Alcestis, ll. 1121-1134, which have been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'er power my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest."

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392-8:—

"Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
*By Jove's descend'nt ingenious Mercury."**

Autolycus.
From a XVIth century woodcut.

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations,*' recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia,

---

Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine.
(W. F. Nevins.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly '*lives, though yet she speaks not*'; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp.* "*My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.*"

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus,*' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts,*' 1875).

where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in *'A Winter's Tale'*; he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> *'It is in my power*
> *To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour*
> *To plant and o'erwhelm custom.'* (Act IV. i. 7-9.)

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale,* with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed 'Unity of Time'—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie,* anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both 'time and place.' *The Winter's Tale,* perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "NOW GROWN IN GRACE
> EQUAL WITH WONDERING."

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. Sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. Sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. Sc. iv. and Act. V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Polixenes, king of Bohemia, who is visiting his boyhood friend, Leontes, king of Sicilia, becomes desirous of returning to his own kingdom, and cannot be persuaded by his host to prolong his sojourn. Leontes then asks his queen, Hermione, to join her persuasions to his own. Her hospitable entreaties are so successful that Polixenes defers his departure. This slight incident is sufficient to arouse in Leontes a tempest of jealousy touching his queen's and his friend's mutual honour. He endeavours to prevail on a courtier named Camillo to poison Polixenes; whereupon Camillo informs the guiltless and unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and flees with him to Bohemia.

II. The flight confirms Leontes in his wild suspicions. He visits his wrath upon the innocent Hermione, causing her to be isolated in a dungeon, where she is shortly afterward delivered of a daughter. Paulina, a lady of the court, presents the babe to the king, but he disavows it and orders it to be exposed in some remote desert place.

III. The babe, who is named Perdita because she "is counted lost forever," is borne to a coast of Bohemia, by a courtier who is afterwards destroyed by a bear; while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own.

Meanwhile Hermione, who has been brought to public trial, is completely vindicated by a Delphic oracle

declaring: "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." Leontes discredits the oracle and is punished by the tidings of the sudden death of Hermione and her only son. The monarch is brought by this stroke to realize the enormity of his offence. He repents and resolves to do daily penance.

IV. Sixteen years pass by. In the court of Bohemia Polixenes and his friend Camillo discuss the reported actions of the king's son Florizel, who of late has been paying assiduous attention to a shepherd's lass. In order to investigate the report they disguise themselves and visit the shepherd's cottage, where they find Florizel on the point of betrothing Perdita. The king wrathfully puts a stop to the betrothal, when the lovers resolve to flee the country. Camillo privately offers to conduct them to Sicilia, assuring them of a warm welcome on the part of Leontes. The offer is gladly accepted.

V. Florizel and Perdita are cordially received in Sicilia, but are closely pursued thither by Polixenes. At this juncture the clothing and jewels found with the infant sixteen years before are produced by the shepherd, thus establishing the identity of Perdita as daughter of Leontes. The joy of the two sovereigns at meeting again after their long separation is redoubled by the prospect of uniting their children in marriage. One thing only is lacking to the perfect happiness of Leontes —the presence of his lost wife, whom he has never ceased to mourn. Thereupon Paulina invites the company to inspect a statue of Hermione. They pause spellbound at the triumph of art, for the supposed statue is so perfect as to seem animate. At last it actually stirs, and the enraptured Leontes finds that he is embracing not marble

but his living wife Hermione, who, dwelling in retirement, has awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Hermione.

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own, yet sometimes—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. . . .

She receives the first intimation of her husband's

jealous suspicions with incredulous astonishment. It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not or cannot understand; but she *will* not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity:—

> "Should a villain say so,
> The most replenish'd villain in the world,
> He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
> Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles":—

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You *did* mistake."

Her mild dignity and saint-like patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow, would be quite incompatible with the character. . . .

The character of Hermione is considered open to criticism on one point. I have heard it remarked that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory—such conduct, argues the critic, is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. Would Imogen have done so, who is so generously ready

to grant a pardon before it be asked? or Desdemona, who does not forgive because she cannot even resent? No, assuredly; but this is only another proof of the wonderful delicacy and consistency with which Shakspeare has discriminated the characters of all three. The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But, besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago: or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgement, in Leontes is a vice of the blood; he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy, with which Shakspeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion; has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence. She has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with

illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgement of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief "which burns worse than tears drown"? Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart; to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all, to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the parade of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and where there is little of impulse or imagination—"the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul"—there are but two influences which predominate over the will—time and religion. And what then remained but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character; it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art with which the dramatic character is fitted to the circumstances in which it is placed: that per-

fect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability.

This scene, then, is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character:—

> "Chide me, dear stone! that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty—warm life—
> As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!"

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which at the same moment is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality; and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up, till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Perdita.

In Viola and Perdita the distinguishing traits are the same—sentiment and elegance; thus we associate them together, though nothing can be more distinct to the fancy than the Doric grace of Perdita, compared to the romantic sweetness of Viola. They are created out of the same materials, and are equal to each other in tenderness, delicacy, and poetical beauty of the conception. They are both more imaginative than passionate; but Perdita is the more imaginative of the two. She is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess. The perfections with which the Poet has so lavishly endowed her, sit upon her with a certain careless and picturesque grace, "as though they had fallen upon her unawares." Thus Belphœbe, in the *Fairy Queen*, issues from the flowering forest with hair and garments all besprinkled with leaves and blossoms they had entangled in their flight; and so arrayed by chance and "heedless hap," takes all hearts with "stately presence and with princely port"—most like to Perdita!

The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in *The Winter's Tale*, and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione; yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. But the colouring in Perdita is more silvery light and delicate; the pervading sentiment more touched with the ideal. . . .

The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some

of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Chlorises and Sylvias of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions; as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, "vermeil-tinctured," and informed with an airy spirit that knew "all wiles of woman's wits," fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene (the fourth) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

Leontes.

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive of it—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity

and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, nor brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honour, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The most remarkable stroke of genius in this play of Shakespeare is that he turned only into a comedy a subject which could furnish the most sombre of tragedies. He understood admirably that however violent and tragic were the acts, such a character would be necessarily comic. Indeed, so comic, that it is exactly the one which our Molière has drawn in *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu imaginaire.* Leontes is formidable otherwise than the poor *bourgeois* of Molière, for his folly is supplied with far different means of action; but they are brothers, if not in rank yet in nature, and their souls plunge into the same grotesque element.

MONTEGUT: *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.*

V.

Leontes and Othello Contrasted.

The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately, consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In *The Winter's Tale,* the jealousy of Leontes is not less, but more fierce and unjust, than that of Othello. No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona:—

> "Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
> Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
> And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
> 'I am yours forever.'"

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour—she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty. The passion of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, a terrible chaos of soul—confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth; there is a gross personal resentment in the heart of Leontes, not sorrowful, judicial indignation; his passion is hideously grotesque, while that of Othello is pathetic.

The consequences of this jealous madness of Leontes are less calamitous than the ruin wrought by Othello's jealousy, because Hermione is courageous and collected, and possessed of a fortitude of heart which years of suffering are unable to subdue:—

> "There 's some ill planet reigns;
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
> Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be performed!"

But although the wave of calamity is broken by the firm resistance offered by the fortitude of Hermione, it commits ravage enough to make it remembered. Upon the Queen comes a lifetime of solitude and pain. The hopeful son of Leontes and Hermione is done to death, and the infant Perdita is estranged from her kindred and her friends. But at length the heart of Leontes is instructed and purified by anguish and remorse. He has "performed a saint-like sorrow," redeemed his faults, paid down more penitence than done trespass:—

"Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of."

And Leontes is received back without reproach into the arms of his wife; she embraces him in silence, allowing the good pain of his repentance to effect its utmost work.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

Mamillius.

The wild wind of *The Winter's Tale* at its opening would seem to blow us back into a wintrier world indeed. And to the very end I must confess that I have in me so much of the spirit of Rachel weeping in Ramah as will not be comforted because Mamillius is not. It is well for those whose hearts are light enough, to take perfect comfort even in the substitution of his sister Perdita for the boy who died of "thoughts high for one so tender." Even the beautiful suggestion that Shakespeare as he wrote had in mind his own dead little son still fresh and living at his heart can hardly add more than a touch of additional tenderness to our perfect and piteous delight in him. And even in her daughter's embrace it seems hard if his mother should have utterly forgotten the little voice that had only time to tell her just eight words of that ghost story which neither she nor we were ever to hear ended.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Autolycus.

The clowns' heads are full of the prices of wool; they have no thought for roses and nightingales, and their

simplicity is rather comical than touching. They are more than overmatched by the light-fingered Autolycus, who educates them by means of ballads, and eases them of their purses at the same time. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, has travelled the country with a monkey, been a process-server, bailiff, and servant to Prince Florizel; he has gone about with a puppet-show playing the Prodigal Son; finally, he marries a tinker's wife and settles down as a confirmed rogue. He is the clown of the piece—roguish, genial, witty, and always master of the situation. In spite of the fact that Shakespeare seized every opportunity to flout the lower classes, that he always gave a satirical and repellent picture of them as a mass, yet their natural wit, good sense, and kind-heartedness are always portrayed in his clowns with a sympathetic touch. Before his time, the buffoon was never an inherent part of the play; he came on and danced his jig without any connection with the plot, and was, in fact, merely intended to amuse the uneducated portion of the audience and make them laugh. Shakespeare was the first to incorporate him into the plot, and to endow him, not merely with the jester's wit, but with the higher faculties and feelings of the Fool in *Lear,* or the gay humour of the vagabond pedlar, Autolycus.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Paulina.

Among Shakespeare's additions in the first part of the play we find the characters of the noble and resolute Paulina and her weakly good-natured husband. Paulina . . . is one of the most admirable and original figures he has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common

sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello,* but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Oehlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Camillo.

In the case of Camillo we trace a line of prudence darkening almost into duplicity, that permeates the very purest and most single-hearted of natures. His virtue, which is his character, is the very growth of the trying circumstances by which he is surrounded. He is frank and bold to the fullest extent that is consistent with prudence and usefulness; he carries prudence and management to the fullest extent that consists with self-respect and honour. In truth he is as virtuous and direct as a man can be who is fain to live among the hard conditions of a court, and this perhaps is as much as to say that Autolycus retains as much rectitude as a pedlar may who is tempted by dupes thrice over, and not often has the chance of evincing a leaning to virtue by taking her bid when roguery only makes an equal offer. But this is unfair to Camillo, though it might be so to few others, and we must approve and admire the sagacity with which he proves the strength of unreasoning prejudice, and hoodwinks and eludes the power he can neither disabuse

nor contend against. This is the wisdom that ere now has saved a nation as it saves the fortunes of the play, but may the world soon lack those tyrannous necessities that reduce the best virtue practicable so nearly to the equivocal.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

X.

Antigonus Compared with Camillo.

In the very first words Antigonus utters, Shakespeare shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

XI.

Conspectus.

Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals—he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

It is easily seen that here, in contrast to *As You Like It*, the general foundation and plan of the whole—the jealousy of Leontes, the exposure of the infant, the seclusion of the Queen and the repentance of her husband, the young Prince's love for the exceedingly beautiful shepherdess,

etc.—although unusual, are nevertheless in accordance with reality; the characters, also, are consistently developed, without sudden changes and psychological improbabilities. Individual features, however, are all the more fantastic. We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concatenation of events, circumstances and relations; everything is removed from common experience. Not only is Delphos spoken of as an "island" and Bohemia as a maritime country (local reality, therefore, disregarded), but the reality of time also is completely set aside, inasmuch as the Delphic oracle is made to exist contemporaneously with Russian emperors and the great painter Julio Romano; in fact, the heroic age and the times of chivalry, the ancient customs of mythical religion and Christianity with its institutions are brought together *sans cérémonie*. It is a matter of accident that the death of the Crown Prince is announced simultaneously with the utterance of the oracle, and that the condition of the Queen appears like actual death. It is purely an accident that the babe is saved at the very moment that the nobleman who exposed it is torn to pieces by a bear, and that his ship, with all on board, is lost, so that no tidings could be carried back to Sicilia. It is mere accident that the young Prince of Bohemia strays into woods and meets the shepherds with whom the Princess is living. In the end similar freaks of chance repair the results of the first accidents, bring all the dramatic personages together in Sicilia, put everything into its proper order, and bring about a happy conclusion. As, therefore, the unreal, the fantastic is here expressed in individual features rather than in the general fundamental relations of the play, so it is also more the interaction of external matters of chance that govern the whole and solve the contradiction of opinions and intentions, of deeds and events; thus, in spite of all the apparent impossibilities, that which is rational and right is ultimately brought about.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brightier relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting.

SYMONS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *four Lords of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*
Clown, *his son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia.

They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly': besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's 91
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf!

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother!

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdom
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our service to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Hath made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say ' she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she 's not honest, honourable ':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and has,
When you have said ' she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say ' she 's honest ': but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

Act. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 10
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How:
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me from committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You 'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering.
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.
[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence: 150
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault are thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not 90

to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Time. the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel,

my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;

who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born. [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange: with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pritheebring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter,
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw

whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man: here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore disease thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye! you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or not, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be a great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 820
'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a 830
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 840

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double oc-

casion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who has the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd';—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I had almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety

Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder

out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship,

and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's

Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a."=only make a short stay; IV. iii. 95.
Aboard him, i.e. aboard his ship; IV. iv. 853.
Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.
Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on"=this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.
Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.
Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 464.
Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.
Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.
Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition, V. ii. 40.
Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.
Air, breath; V. iii. 78.
'Alack for lesser knowledge'; i.e. "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.
Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.
Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.
Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.
Amazedness, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.
Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.
Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.
Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 82.
Ape, imitator; V. ii. 108.
Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 98.
Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.
Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 597.
Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 31.
Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
At, (?) to (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"="when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.
Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 29.
Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11
Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 87.
Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 434.
Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.
Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 119. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bench'd, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

Bents, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

Bide, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

Blank, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

Blench, start or fly off; I. ii. 343.

Bless me, preserve me; IV. iv. 268.

Blocks, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

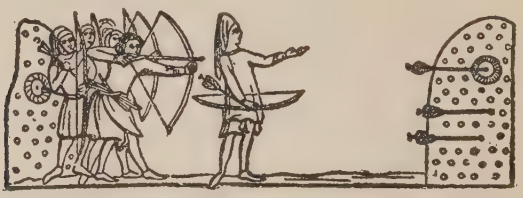
Blusters, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

Bohemia=the king of B.; I. i. 7.

Boot, avail; III. ii. 26.

From a French (print *c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Boot, profit; IV. iv. 644; "grace to be," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.



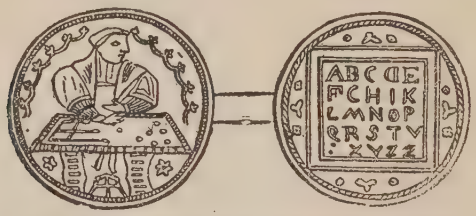
From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.)

Boring, perforating; III. iii. 93.
Borrow, borrowing; I. ii. 39.
Bosom, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 568.
Bourn, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.
Brands, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.
Brave, fine; IV. iv. 202.
Break-neck, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.
Breed, educate; III. iii. 48.
Bring, take, accompany; IV. iii. 119.
Bug, bugbear; III. ii. 93.
Bugle, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 223.
But, but that; V. i. 141.
But that, only because; II. i. 105.
By-gone day, day gone by this = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

Caddisses, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.
Callat, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.
Game home, "did not get hold" (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot; IV. iv. 749.
Caparison, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.
Carbonadoed, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 265.
Carriage, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.
Carver, sculptor; V. iii. 30.
Censure, judgement; II. i. 37.
Centre, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. i. 102.
Chamber-councils, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
Changed, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
Changeling, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 122.
Character, handwriting; V. ii. 38.
Charge, weight, value; IV. iv. 258.
Cheat (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.
Child, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
Childness, childishness; I. ii. 170.
Churl, peasant; IV. iv. 437.
Circumstance, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
Clamour (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 249.
Clap, clap hands, *i.e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
Clear'd, excepted; I. ii. 74.
Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 59.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 36.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Colour, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 560.

Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 562.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 94.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 99.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 145.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 87.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 811.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 35.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, has to do with; IV. iv. 429.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 37.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis,* early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 519.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 134.
Custom; "with a c.," from habit, IV. iv. 12; trade, custom, V. ii. 108.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 220.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 439.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 503; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 139.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 45.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.



From an Engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 252.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 254.
Difference, i.e. d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.

Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 195.
Dim; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 641.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 537.
Discover, disclose, shew; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 731.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 659.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 405.
Dis's waggon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 422.
Do, describe; V. ii. 63.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 82.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 652.
'*Eggs for money,*' a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behaviour; III. ii. 50.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 743.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 405.
Estate; "unspeakable e.," *i.e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 46.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 106.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 724.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 195.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want; V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 487.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 718.

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 105.
Favour, countenance, look; V. ii. 53.

Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i.e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 100.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 123.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 648.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 431.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 428.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 42.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 535.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 173.
Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 519.
Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 553.
Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 427; IV. iv. 556.
Friends; "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
From, away from; IV. ii. 43.
Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 593.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 330.
Gallows, i.e. the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
Gently, moderately; IV. iv. 811.
Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.
Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 788.
Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 171.

Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 221.

Go about, intend; IV. iv. 218; attempt; IV. iv. 711.

Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.

Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.

Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.

Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.

Grace, favour; III. ii. 48.

Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 30.

Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.

Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.

Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 543.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 102.

Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.

Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.

Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 781.

Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 462.

'Happy man be's dole,' a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.

Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.

Have, possess; IV. iv. 568.

Have at, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.

Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 729.

Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.

Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 115.

Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.

Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 130.

Hereditary, i.e. derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.

Him, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.

Hobby-horse; I. ii. 276. (See illustration.)

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Holy, pious, good, V. i. 170; blameless, V. iii. 148.
Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully, V. iii. 4.
Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
Hot, active; IV. iv. 692.
Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' fecks, in fact; I. ii. 120.
Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 103.
Impawn'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
Importance, import; V. ii. 20.
Incense, incite; V. i. 61.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.
Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 170.
Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 187.
Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 208.
Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 746.
Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.
Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.
Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.
Irremovable, immovable; IV. iv. 512.
It, its; II. iii. 178.
It is, he is; I. i. 38.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.
Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 36.
Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 105.
Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 71.

Kiln-hole the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 246.
Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 354.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting; eternal; I. ii. 317.
Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 462.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 43.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 82.
'Leven, eleven; IV. iii. 33.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
——, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 546.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 726.
Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.

Limit, "strength of l.," limited strength; III. ii. 107.
Lively, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l. o.," *i.e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 41.
Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.
Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.

Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m.," the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 98.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 357.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; V. ii. 188.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; ors; IV. iii. 46.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 743.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 592.
Medler, busybody; IV. iv. 323.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goatskins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 327.

From Küchler's *Pageants and Tourney at Stutigard* (1609).

Mere, absolute; III. ii. 142; only, III. ii. 145.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 40.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 149.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet-show; IV. iii. 103. (See illustration.)

A motion of the prodigal son.
From an English woodcut of XVIIth century.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.

Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 109.

Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat" = horned cattle; I. ii. 123.

Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 326.

Neb, beak = mouth; I. ii. 183.

Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 223.

Next, nearest; III. iii. 127.

Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge, I. i. 40; distinction, eminence, IV. ii. 48; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note" = the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.

Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erweeen, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.

Of, off (= on); "browzing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.

Of, some of; "you have of," *i.e.* there are some; IV. iv. 216.

Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.

O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 260.

On, of; II. ii. 23.

On 't, of it; II. i. 169.

Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.

Out of, without; V. i. 90.

Over, over us; IV. iv. 661.

Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.
Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.
Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.
Paragon, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.
Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide, I. ii. 18.
Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.
Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale,* where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.
Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.
Pash, head; I. ii. 128.
Passes, surpasses; II. ii. 20.
Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.
Pattern, match; III. ii. 37.
Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.
Peer, peep out; IV. iii. 1.
Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.
Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.
Performed, executed; V. ii. 105.
Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 613.
Physics, heals, cures; I. i. 43.
Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 609; painted statue; V. ii. 187.
Piece, complete; V. ii. 117.
Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.
Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.
Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.
Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.
Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.
Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 244.
Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 470.
Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206. (*Cp.* illustration in *Twelfth Night.*)
Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 227.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 603. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 529.

Post; "in p.," in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 34.

Power; "to my p.," to the best of my power; V. ii. 182.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 29.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 168.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 33.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous*; V. ii. 158.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretence, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.

Prig, thief; IV. iii. 105.

Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 544.

Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.

Proper, own; II. iii. 139.

Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.

Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.

Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.

Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 45.

Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.

Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 537.

Question, conversation, IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial, V. i. 198.

Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.

Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 225.

From a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby (*temp.* Elizabeth), in the Church of Bisham, Berks.

Race, root; IV. iii. 49.

Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.

Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.

Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 411.

Regard, look; I. ii. 390.

Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.

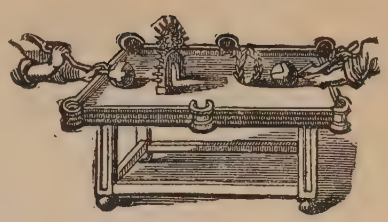
Remember, reminds; III. ii. 231.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 116.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 41.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve, II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 673.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 404.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.
Saffron, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 47.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs*; IV. iv. 329.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 570.
Savour, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 73.
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered, V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.
Shall's, shall us (*i.e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 354.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 790.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i.e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 854.
Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 566.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgement); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.

Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 118.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s.," in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 146.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 185.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in *-ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springe, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 36.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 211.
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 343.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 46.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 100.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 431.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 51.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 359.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 43.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 604. (*Cp.* illustration in *Cymbeline.*)
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 38.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 582.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; VI. ii. 177.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 163.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i.e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th of October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 250.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 812.
That = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"); "that . . . no" = "lest"; I. ii. 12.
——, so that; I. i. 30; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
Thereabouts, of that import; I. ii. 378.

Thereto, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
Thick, made thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
Thought, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
Thought on, held in estimation; IV. iv. 525.
"*Three man song-man,*" *i.e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 44.
Three-pile, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.
Thriving, successful; II. ii. 45.
Tincture, colour; III. ii. 206.
Toaze (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i.e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 747.
Tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 34.
Tods, yields a tod; IV. iii. 33.
Traffic, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
Traitorly, traitrous; IV. iv. 807.
Transported, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 159; borne away by ecstacy, V. iii. 69.
Tremor cordis, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
Trick, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
Troll-my-dames, the French game of *Trou-madame*; IV. iii. 89. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Trumpet, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
Trunk, body; I. ii. 435.
Tug, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 502.



Trou-madame.
From an early collection of foreign emblems.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

Unbraided (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.
Unclasp'd, revealed; III. ii. 168.
Uncurrent, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 50.
Undergo, undertake; IV. iv. 548.
Uneasy, difficult; IV. ii. 56.
Unfurnish, deprive; V. i. 123.
Unintelligent, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 16.
Unrolled, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 127.
Unsphere, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
Unthrifty, not increasing; V. ii. 120.
Unvenerable, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 465.
Use; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
Utter, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 325.

Vast (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 33.
Vessel, creature; III. iii. 21.
Vice, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
Villain, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
Virginalling, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte"); I. ii. 125.

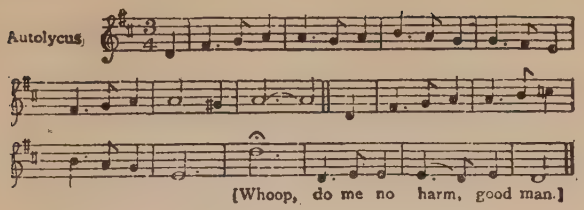
From a painting on glass, executed in 1601

Visible, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 560.
Vulgars, the common people; II. i. 94.

Wafting, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.
Waits upon, accompanies; V. i. 142.
Want, be without; IV. ii. 15.
Wanton, play; II. i. 18.
Ward, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
Warden, a baking pear; IV. iii. 48.
Wearing, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
Weeds, garments; IV. iv. 1.
Welkin, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
Well, at rest; V. i. 30.
What, whatever; I. ii. 44.
Which, that which; III. ii. 61.
Whistle off (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off" = to send off; IV. iv. 246.
Whitsun pastorals, Whitsuntide morris-dances; IV. iv. 134.

From a woodcut of the XVIIth century.

Whoo-bub, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 623.
"Whoop, do me no harm, good-man," the name of an old song; IV. iv. 199. The rest of the words are unknown, but several ballads printed in the latter part of XVIth century go to this tune.



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Wild, rash; II. i. 182.
Wilful-negligent, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
Wink, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
Winked, closed my eyes; III. iii. 106.
Winners, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 132.
Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
With, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 68.
Without-door, outward, external; II. i. 69.
Woman-tired, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
Wonder, admiration; V. i. 133.
Wondering, admiration; IV. i. 25.
Worn, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
Worship, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.
Worth, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
Wotting, knowing; III. ii. 77.
Wrought, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

Yellow, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
Yest, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 94.
Yet, still; I. ii. 51.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. ii. 44. *'What lady she her lord'*; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she' = 'a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she' = 'woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. *no, nor dream'd,'* so later Folios; Folio 1 (retained by Cambridge Edition), *nor dream'd;* Spedding, *'neither dream'd'*; the reading adopted in the text has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. *'false As o'er-dyed blacks'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'o're dy'd'*; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. *'methoughts'*; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to *'methinks'*; it is noteworthy that the correct *'methought'* occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. *'that,' i.e.* 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. *'Who taught you this?'* Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, *'taught 'this'* (with an apostrophe before *'this,'* indicating an elision); the later Folios, *'taught this.'*

II. ii. 25. *'A sad tale's best for winter'*; hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39-41. *'There may be in the cup A spider,'* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

II. i. 134. *'I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife'*; *i.e.* 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. *'I would land-damn him'*; so the Folios; *'land-damm' 'laudanum,' 'lamback'* (*i.e.* 'beat'), *'half-damn,' 'live-damn,' 'landan (lantan, rantan),' 'lant-dam,'* are among the vari-

ous emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *'I would—Lord, damn him!'* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *'damn'd,'* here uses *'land-damn,'* as a sort of grim quibble for *'landan,'*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries,* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. *'As you feel doing thus,'* probably = my doing thus to you (*i.e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *'the instruments that feel'* = my fingers.

II. iii. 178. *'to its own protection,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'its'*; the old possessive form *'it,'* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 101); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *'it own,'* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *'its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,'* to be found in Act I. ii. 266, is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.

From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

III. ii. 178. *'boiling in leads or oils.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

III. iii. 123. *'You're a made old man'*; Theobold's emendation of the Folio reading *'mad,'* confirmed by the corresponding passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. *'to it,' i.e.* 'the present.'

IV. ii. 4. *'It is fifteen years since,* etc.; changed by Hanmer to *'sixteen,'* the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. *'when the kite builds, look to lesser linen'*; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 53. *'I' the name of me——'*; probably, as has been

suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 13. '*swoon*,' Hanmer's correction of Folios; '*sworn*,' retained in the Cambridge edition.

IV. iv. 160. '*out*'; Theobold's emendation for Folio 1, '*on't*.'

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*'); '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer*,' is probably radically identical with '*clamber*,' the Scandinavian original of which, '*klambra*' = to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

From a tapestry in the Chateau d'Effiat. The original represents a gentleman and lady, who are looking at a gypsy encampment. While the gentleman is directing the lady's attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects the purse with her girdle.

IV. iv. 275. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Register in 1604.

IV. iv. 436. '*Farre than Deucalion off*'; '*farre*' = 'farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*farre*,' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*far*,' unnecessarily substituted by the Cambridge Editors.

IV. iv. 586. '*i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, ''*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her*.'

IV. iv. 594. '*appear*,' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

IV. iv. 621. '*I picked and cut their festival purses*.' (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)

IV. iv. 721. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 60. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*' in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 105. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame

as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

6. *to pay Bohemia*:—"Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions,'" says Farmer; "and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines. the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan."

Scene II.

20. *none, none*:—"Shakespeare," as Clarke observes, "like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgement, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness."

53. *pay your fees,* etc.:—"An allusion," according to Lord Campbell, "to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation."

121. *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?*—Upon this Clarke remarks: "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon

a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in nature's."

178. *We are yours,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," White tells us, "had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

217. *They're here with me already*:—They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.

221-227. That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had, is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms.

345. *I am his cupbearer*:—In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cupbearer, endeavours to dissuade Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

372. *Wafting his eyes,* etc.:—This is a fine stroke of nature. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

419. *Be yoked with his,* etc.:—A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "Let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

458-460. *Good expedition,* etc.:—An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. Malone's suggestion is: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason

the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell understands it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion."

465. *Come, sir away*:—Coleridge has this note on the first Act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second Scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay—

> 'There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
> So soon as yours, could win me'—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:—

> 'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
> I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
> What lady she her lord';

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

90-92. *one that knows*, etc.:—One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

104, 105. *He who . . . speaks*:—He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

119-124. *when you shall know*, etc.:—"If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection," says Clarke. "No one better than Shakespeare knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and

severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect."

191. *Give rest,* etc.:—This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion; if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god.

Scene III.

20. *in himself too mighty,* etc.:—Greene's novel has: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. *The time is worth the use on't*:—That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

Scene II.

29-33. *if powers divine,* etc.:—Thus Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush,* and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

86. *Those of your fact are so*:—That is, those who have done as you have done. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "It was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in

forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

107. *strength of limit*:—That is, according to Mason, "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing." Hudson (Harvard ed.) suggests that the meaning may be, "before I have got strength by seclusion," regarding *of* as merely equivalent to *by.*

133-137. *Hermione is chaste*:—In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Coleridge remarks: "Although, on the whole, this play is exquisitely respondent to its title, and even in the fault I am about to mention still a winter's tale; yet it seems a mere indolence of the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response some ground for Hermione's seeming death and fifteen years' voluntary concealment. This might have been easily effected by some obscure sentence of the oracle; as, for example: 'Nor shall he ever recover an heir, if he have a wife before that recovery.'"

148. [*Hermione faints.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is," says Clarke, "not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown'; she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe."

173. *Does my deeds,* etc.:—"This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is," in Johnson's opinion, "agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt."

193, 194. *though a devil,* etc.:—Though a devil would have shed tears of pity from out the flames, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

Scene III.

1. *perfect*:—In the sense of *sure* or *certain,* Shakespeare often has *perfect.* So in *Cymbeline,* III. i. 73-75:—

> "I am *perfect*
> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
> Their liberties are now in arms."

55. *lullaby*:—This occurs in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Time.*] "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play," says White. "The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful: the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written. The Chorus I believe not to have been written by Shakespare. It bears no resemblance to his work at any period of his life. A comparison of this Chorus with the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and the Prologue to *Henry VIII.,* will, I think, convince any one with an ear that they are from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's. He probably saw, after putting the story into dramatic form, that for an audience an explanation was needed to bridge over the space between the two acts, and committed the ungrateful task to willing hands. It has been supposed by previous editors, and not without reason, that the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* was written by Ben Jonson. But from the remarkable use in that composition of the uncouth and disjointed rhythm produced by the continued *enjambement de vers,* which is noticeable also in the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and in a still greater degree in this Chorus, I more than suspect that they were all written by Chapman. See Chapman's poetical address *To the Reader* which precedes his translation of Homer; and also that translation."

Scene III.

23-31. *My traffic,* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this Act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"

33. *every 'leven wether tods*:—Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about *20s.* or *22s.* in 1581.

Scene IV.

6. *extremes*:—His extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

22. *Vilely bound up*:—Johnson thinks it "impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder."

74-76. *rosemary and rue,* etc.:—See *Hamlet,* IV. v. 175 and 180-182, where Ophelia says, "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance: . . . there 's rue for you: . . . we may call it herb of grace." These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

86-88. *I have heard it said,* etc.:—It would seem that variegated gillyflowers were produced by crossbreeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating nature. Douce says that such flowers being artificially produced, "Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

97. *The art itself is nature*:—This identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the

History of Arts as a branch of Natural History, because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature,* and *artificial* from *natural.*" Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

99, 100. *I'll not put,* etc.:—Perdita is too guileless to understand fully the reasoning of Polixenes; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says, "She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."

105. *marigold*:—There is a difference of opinion among the commentators as to whether this means the sunflower or not. Some think the *garden marigold* is referred to, concerning which Ellacombe remarks that it "was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farm-houses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers." Contemporary allusions to the flower are frequent. Wither has the following:—

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,

Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

118. *Dis's waggon! daffodils*:—The story how, at the coming of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers which she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses.* Of course, *from* Dis's waggon means *at the approach* of Dis's waggon. Coleridge says, "An epithet is wanted here [before *daffodils*], not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim.*"

121, 122. *lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath*:—The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod, in a passage which has been rendered

"Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets dim, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

160. *makes her blood look out*:—This recalls beautiful lines in Donne's *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury*:—

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought."

227. *poking-sticks*:—These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to anything so well as to a squirt or a little

squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching or setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks,* and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

281. *ballad*:—All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

328. *men of hair*:—It is most probable that they were dressed in goatskins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, whose hairy dresses took fire, is related by Froissart as occurring at the court of France in 1392. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs,* baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

348. *you'll know more,* etc.:—This is in answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

446-455. *Even here . . . weep*:—Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" "For my part," adds Hudson, "I should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!"

449-451. *The selfsame sun . . . alike*:—Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:—

> "Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
> Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it thus:—

> "The stars shoot
> An equal influence on the open cottage,
> Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
> And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
> With care and whisper."

463. *no priest shovels in dust*:—Before the change in the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

466, 467. *If I might die,* etc.:—Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

589. *My prettiest Perdita!*—"The delineation of the love between Florizel and Perdita," says Brandes, "is marked by certain features not to be found in Shakespeare's youthful works, but which reappear with Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest.* There is a certain remoteness from the world about it, a tenderness for those who are still yearning and hoping for happiness and a renunciation of any expectation as far as himself is concerned. He stands outside and beyond it all now. In the old days the Poet stood on a level, as it were, with the love he was portraying; now he looks upon it from above with a fatherly eye."

835, 836. *'tis none of your daughter nor my sister:*—The unhesitating selfishness of the old man and his son at the approach of danger, though otherwise they are creditable rustics enough, the singleness of their anxiety to save their own skins from royal vengeance, by proving the foundling none of their blood, without any thought of her fate and fortune, belongs to the revulsions that characterize the play; it also finally detaches her, in our associations, from the class she has been reared amongst, and thus she is acquitted of ingratitude as well as presumption in moving easily towards the superior rank due to her nature as to her descent. Her own courage and collectedness at once place her in contrast to the bewildered and frightened hinds, and bring her worthily into sympathy with the patience and self-support of her brave mother Hermione.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

1. *et seq.* "The finely written prose scene of the conversing gentlemen," says Lloyd, "smooths the transition to the concluding scene by presenting the agitating incidents of the recognition of Perdita in narrative form, and this is also a concession to the superior dignity and interest of the revelation of Hermione. Here all spirits are attempered to modesty and reconciliation; the weak are strengthened, the vehement subdued, the wise contented; and although a change more startling than any in the play is to take place—the revival of the very dead—the moving and speaking of a statue, yet so easily is all conducted, with such orderly and tender sequence does the discovery take place, in such tranquillized purity of mind is all set forth and received, that the full discovery takes place at last rather with motion than speech, is acknowledged with embraces rather than words, is for contemplation rather than discourse."

106. *eternity*:—It would appear that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady,* makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
Rut. That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgements.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

Scene III.

62. *already*——:—The passion of Leontes causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intentness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say, "Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."

68. *mock'd with art*:—Here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understand-

ings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

Questions on

The Winter's Tale.

1. Where in the order of the Poet's works does this play belong?

2. What textual and constructive characteristics help to determine the date?

3. State some differences between the play and Greene's novel upon which the play is based. What characters are invented by Shakespeare?

4. From what Greek play is the recognition scene in the last Act probably taken?

5. Show how this play is extreme in its defiance of the dramatic unities.

ACT FIRST.

6. In what sense is Sc. i. of the character of prologue? Indicate the ironic qualities of the Scene.

7. Contrast the tempers of the two kings at the parting interview (Sc. ii.). Of what does Hermione accuse Leontes?

8. Where and how is Florizel first mentioned?

9. What first indication do you see of the jealousy of Leontes?

10. Characterize the manner of Hermione as gathered from her words. How does Leontes describe her in line 108 *et seq.*? How much is exaggeration due to his distemper?

11. What effect is produced by Leontes's bantering words with Mamillius?

12. Is it likely that Leontes's jealousy has been long maturing? Can you derive any evidence from the play in proof of the view?

13. What is foreshadowed concerning Camillo in the words (ii. 235-241) which Leontes addresses to him?

14. Explain the reactionary effect in the mind of the spectator that proves the innocence of Hermione.

15. What state of morality of courts is indicated by the discus-

sion of Leontes and Camillo on poisoning? What compact is made between them?

16. Why does Camillo break faith with the king and disclose his purposes to Polixenes?

17. Indicate the causes of the subsequent action not laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

18. Describe the domestic scene at the opening of the Act. What is the dramatic effect of the irruption of Leontes and his train?

19. Does the flight of Camillo furnish dramatic probability to the position of Leontes?

20. Describe the bearing of Hermione under the charges of Leontes. How does she foreshadow the reconciliation?

21. How is the queen's justification, from the point of view of the spectator, made to follow immediately upon the accusation? How is humour added by Antigonus as a mitigation of the impression caused by the king's harshness?

22. As an episode, what is the nature of Sc. ii.? Of what temper does Paulina show herself to be?

23. Comment on the inharmony of her purposes in that she plans to assault Leontes with her tongue, and at the same time meditates upon the softening effect wrought by the sight of his new-born child.

24. Had Hermione meditated any further means of justifying herself?

25. Show how differently Othello and Leontes are affected by the supposed fact of unfaithfulness in their wives.

26. What picture is given of the effect of Leontes's act on Mamillius?

27. Why was the moment chosen by Paulina to show the child and plead Hermione's case particularly unfortunate?

28. Does one feel that the opportunity for reconciliation was spoiled by human bungling or by will of the gods?

29. What are some of the arguments employed by Paulina?

30. What disposition is made of the child? Upon whom is laid the task of carrying out the king's command?

31. Can you discover any thing in Antigonus upon which poetic justice may base her claim to the fate reserved for him?

32. How is the transition from the second to the third Act effected?

ACT THIRD.

33. Does Sc. i. contribute to the action? What is its purpose? Would the play suffer without it?

34. In the scene of the trial, what does Hermione say in her own defence? What traits of her nature does she exhibit?

35. What effect is produced by Hermione's cry for human sympathy in line 120 of Sc. ii.? Considering that she had the sympathy of all save the king, how is her spiritual solitariness here indicated? Does this speech contradict Mrs. Jameson's assertion that Hermione displays "dignity without pride"?

36. What dramatic necessity is there that the entrance of Cleomenes and Dion be previously prepared? Is there in this felt a justification of Sc. i.?

37. Does not the use of the oracle as the most dramatic symbol of retributive justice that the religious consciousness of man has furnished in history outweigh the consideration of its anachronism and hence justify itself?

38. How is the impiety of Leontes immediately punished?

39. Is the sudden and wholesale penitence of Leontes psychologically possible?

40. What is the purpose of Paulina's arraignment of the king at the time that she reports the death of the queen? Is there a feeling that the ends of justice are served, although the effect of her scolding tongue is unpleasant?

41. What was the cause of the death of Mamillius? Compare the art of Shakespeare in thus securing an effect of pathos with that of Dickens, let us say, in the death of such children as Little Nell or Paul Dombey.

42. Does the spectator think that Paulina believes Hermione to be dead?

43. What art is employed at the beginning of Sc. iii. to make up for the undramatic character of the casting away of the child?

44. How is Perdita named?

45. What effect through contrast is secured by the Shepherd's opening speech?

46. How does one hear of the fate of Antigonus and of the ship that brought Perdita to the island?

47. Why are these disasters not presented with an accompanying effect of pathos?

48. Show how this dramatic *motif* is made to serve also as a means of exhibiting the qualities at the base of rustic natures.

ACT FOURTH.

49. How does Time as Chorus speak of the constructive divergences of this play? How does he effect transition of attention to a different group of characters?

50. What is Camillo's desire as revealed at the opening of Sc. ii.? What is here revealed as the state of affairs at Sicilia?

51. How is Camillo's return postponed? How does Autolycus introduce himself?

52. What variant of a familiar Shakespearian situation do you see in the scene between Autolycus and the Clown?

53. Where is Polixenes's displeasure with Florizel foreshadowed? What is the dramatic effect of the apprehensiveness of Perdita?

54. How does Shakespeare show the innate superiority of Perdita to her surroundings? Is this superiority observed by any around her?

55. Indicate the literary quality of the discussion held by Polixenes with Perdita about gillyflowers.

56. Contrast the scenes of Perdita and of Ophelia distributing flowers. Note the emotional effects of each.

57. How is the singing of Autolycus described by the servant?

58. Characterize this scene of rustic life. Does it differ in any essential particulars from the rustic life glimpsed in *As You Like It*?

59. How is the plighting of Perdita and Florizel interrupted?

60. What does Perdita say after the discovery?

61. Does the Shepherd show any feeling for Perdita?

62. What strong expression does Florizel use to prove his faith? Is there sublimity and at the same time humour in the expression? Quote from Shakespeare, Addison, and Pope, expressions in differing ways analogous to this.

63. What is the principal ingredient of Florizel's love? How does he compare with the other ideal lovers of Shakespeare?

64. Shakespeare seems fond of exhibiting certain dominant traits of human nature in opposite sexes. Compare Florizel and Helena in this respect.

65. Do ethical considerations enter into the thoughts of Camillo, or is he to be regarded as the diplomatist *par excellence*, with whom successful accomplishment outweighs the means employed?

66. What course does Camillo map out for Florizel?

67. What is the dramatic effect of Autolycus's soliloquy beginning iv. 606?

68. How is Autolycus brought into the action as an integral part?

69. What treachery against Florizel and Perdita does Camillo plan?

ACT FIFTH.

70. What change do you note in the people of Leontes's court as a result of the lapse of fifteen years?

71. What promise does Paulina exact from Leontes?

72. Indicate the dramatic effect of the praises of Perdita uttered by the Gentleman in Sc. i.

73. How does Florizel report his marriage and account for his presence in Sicilia?

74. At so late a stage of the drama no new complication could be developed. Show how the one resulting from Florizel's false report of himself is quickly resolved. How is the question concerning the identity of Perdita prepared for solution?

75. Why is the scene of the recognition of Perdita by Leontes presented in narrative form? What is the cumulative effect of the method of presentation? How is the reconciliation of the kings described?

76. What traits of Paulina are emphasized by her manner of receiving the revelations? What foreshadows the vivification of the statue?

77. What touch of nature served the end of poetic justice in robbing Autolycus of the reward of the revelation and giving it to the Shepherd?

78. Does Autolycus repent with a wink?

79. What is said of the statue and its sculptor?

80. Show how Shakespeare manages a highly theatrical scene like the recognition of Hermione to give it dignity and impressiveness. Discuss the possibility of any but a professed actor managing such a scene and not overdoing it. From this point of view consider the theory of the Baconian authorship.

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81. Point out some of the structural peculiarities of the play; its false geography; its anachronisms.

82. Show in what ways interposition serves as a *motif* in this play.

83. Was Perdita created to fill the gap of years that the story demands for the working out of Leontes's repentance, or is the penitence-*motif* subordinate in importance to the Perdita-*motif* and does it only serve as a background to her?

84. Would the play be structurally improved if the story of Hermione's accusation were given in a prologue and the action began with the fourth Act?

85. Show in what ways the sentiment of childhood is used as a dramatic *motif*.

86. Is the roguishness of Autolycus paralleled in any other of Shakespeare's plays?

87. Is the character of Leontes essentially comic? Do the tragic elements of the play militate against the comic treatment, such as Molière has given to the character? Hence, is Shakespeare's course, by mediation, romantic?

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

Famous History of the

Life of King Henry VIII.

Preface.

The First Edition. *'The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth'* was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout;* the stage directions are full and explicit.† Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the Dramatis Personæ.

Date of Composition. *Henry the Eighth* was undoubtedly acted as *'a new play'* on June 29th, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theatre on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i.) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June," 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bour-

* Except in the case of Act V. Sc. iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. *"Exeunt"* is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state,' etc.

† The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act. V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act. IV. Sc. i.

bage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

(ii.) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2nd, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,*

* *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, ll. 9, 18, 21 :—

'May here find truth.'

. . . . . .

'To rank our chosen truth with such a show.'

. . . . . .

'To make that only true we now intend.'

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of Rowley's Chronicle History of *Henry 8th, "When you see me, you know me"* and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, *"If you know not me, you know no body."* It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII.* refer to Rowley's play, 'the merry bawdy play,' with its 'fool and fight,' and its 'abuse of the city.'

'When you see Me,' was certainly 'the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII.' entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (-5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was reissued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, *"written by W. S."*

We know from Henslowe's Diary that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *"The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,"* by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *'Cardinal Wolsey,'* by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th.* . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,* some of the paper, and other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii.) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12th, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theatre, 'which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play).'

(iv.) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was 'filled with people, to behold the play, viz of Henry the 8.'

(v.) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, refers to 'that cruel stratagem against the Globe.'

'The fort of the whole parish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!' †

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external

* *Vide* Act I. Sc. iv. 44-51, with stage direction:—*'Chambers discharged.'*

† There were also several 'lamentable ballads' on the event; one of them, *if genuine,* is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

"Away ran Lady Catherine,
Nor waited out her trial."

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage.*) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that *'the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye,'* and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII.* The panegyric on James I., with its probable reference (V. v. 51-3) to the first settlement of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612* (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, which took place on 14th February, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i.) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii.) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death-scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.† Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was 'to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James.' ‡

At all events, no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale*; Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens" §; and indeed the general

* A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

† *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e.g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

‡ *New Illustrations to Shakespeare*, II. 101.

§ *v.* Mrs. Jameson's comparative study of the two characters, and her enthusiastic appreciation of Katharine as "the triumph of Shakespeare's genius and his wisdom."

characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearian scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII.* 'the last heir' of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." * But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

Authorship of the Play. As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of *Henry VIII.*:—(i.) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of the line; (ii.) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii.) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the metre. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out 'by a man of first-rate judgement on such a point' (viz., the late Lord Tennyson),

* "*Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?*" (*Gentleman's Magazine,* 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of Fletcher. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, metre, and subtler æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I. Sc. i., ii.; Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. ii. (to exit of the King); Act V. Sc. i., and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).*

Shakespeare's original design was probably 'a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church.' He had carried out his idea as far as Act III., when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth); the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, 'by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence'; a splendid 'historical masque or show-play' was the result.†

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII.* are now generally accepted;‡ they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S.

* *N. B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad Lover*; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

† The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. Sc. ii.; compare *Pericles*, V. ii.; *Cymbeline*, V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearian. The Masque in the *Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burnt at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to re-write this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide* Shakespeare Manual, p. 171).

‡ Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a

Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II. p. 198; III. p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.*

The Sources. There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i.) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548), (ii.) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii.) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv.) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

Chronology of the Play. Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from

divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880-5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearian play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

* These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII.*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	FLETCHER.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—*

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May-July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16th. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17th. His Execution.
1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. } Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1533. }
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.
Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30th. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
May 23rd. Nullity of the marriage with Katharine declared.
1530. November 29th. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1st. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8th. Death of Queen Katharine.
1533. September 7th. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

* *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79; *cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

Duration of Action. From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—*Day* 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval. Day 2*, Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day 7*, Act V. Sc. i.-iv.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Soon after the return of the English court from the Field of the Cloth of Gold the Duke of Buckingham has the misfortune to embroil himself with Cardinal Wolsey, chancellor to Henry VIII. The cardinal suborns some discontented servants of the duke to accuse their master of treasonable purposes; Wolsey's desire to work Buckingham's downfall probably being strengthened to jealousy of his power.

Wolsey gives a great supper to the court, which is attended by the King and his lords masked. Henry is greatly attracted by the beauty of Anne Bullen, a maid of honour.

II. Buckingham is brought to trial, convicted of high treason and led to execution.

The charms of Anne Bullen awaken in the King a long dormant scruple of conscience regarding the legality of his marriage with Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother. He resolves to divorce the Queen and calls her to public trial. She attends, but refuses to submit to the court. She will not accept Wolsey for judge, and appeals to the pope.

III. The cardinal, now seeing the drift of Henry's purpose, and dismayed at the prospect of his union with a Protestant, takes the side of Queen Katharine and sends private instructions to the papal court that her divorce may be delayed. But the Queen still mistrusts him for her enemy. The King meanwhile becoming im-

patient at Rome's delay, takes matters into his own hands, puts away Queen Katharine, and secretly espouses Anne Bullen. At this juncture he by chance gains possession of the cardinal's papers—the letter to the pope, and inventory of the chancellor's enormous wealth. The enraged monarch deprives Wolsey of his civil offices, and the fallen favourite is saved from a charge of high treason only by the interposition of death.

IV. The divorced Queen Katharine shortly follows Wolsey to the grave. Anne Bullen is publicly crowned as Queen amid much ceremony, being anointed by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

V. After Wolsey's death Cranmer enjoys a great share of the King's favour. This arouses the jealousy of powerful nobles, who form a conspiracy against the prelate. He is brought to trial and threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, when the opportune arrival of Henry himself enables him to triumph over his rivals. Cranmer evinces his gratitude for the royal friendship by taking part in the christening of Queen Anne's infant daughter, Elizabeth, for whom he prophesies a career of great splendour.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Henry and Anne.

Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favourites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterised him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the foreground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honoured

Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favour, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, lusts and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favourite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled mother of such a child, and in the full enjoy-

ment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

III.

The Delineation of Anne.

In the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honour would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good Queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the Queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her whose soul truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential

form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness of strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she had risen.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Katharine.

Katharine is at first introduced as pleading before the king in behalf of the commonalty, who had been driven by the extortions of Wolsey into some illegal excesses. In this scene, which is true to history, we have her upright reasoning mind, her steadiness of purpose, her piety and benevolence, placed in a strong light. The unshrinking dignity with which she opposes without descending to brave the cardinal, the stern rebuke addressed to the Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, are finely characteristic; and by thus exhibiting Katharine as invested with all her conjugal rights and influence, and royal state, the subsequent situations are rendered more impressive. She is placed in the first instance on such a height in our esteem and reverence, that in the midst of her abandonment and degradation, and the pro-

found pity she afterwards inspires, the first effect remains unimpaired, and she never falls beneath it.

In the beginning of the second act we are prepared for the proceedings of the divorce, and our respect for Katharine heightened by the general sympathy for "the good queen," as she is expressively entitled, and by the following beautiful eulogium on her character uttered by the Duke of Norfolk:—

> He [Wolsey] counsels a divorce; a loss of her
> That like a jewel has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of her that loves him with that excellence
> That angels love good men with; even of her
> That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
> Will bless the king.
>
> . . . . . .

We are told by Cavendish, that when Wolsey and Campeggio visited the queen by the king's order she was found at work among her women, and came forth to meet the cardinals with a skein of white thread hanging about her neck; that when Wolsey addressed her in Latin, she interrupted him, saying, "Nay, good my lord, speak to me in English, I beseech you; although I understand Latin." "Forsooth then," quoth my lord, "madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace." "My lords, I thank you then," quoth she, "of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be. I had need of good counsel in this case, which

toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishmen counsel, or be friendly unto me, against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel, in whom I do intend to put my trust, they be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel, here in a foreign region; and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear."

It appears, also, that when the Archbishop of York and Bishop Tunstall waited on her at her house near Huntingdon, with the sentence of the divorce, signed by Henry, and confirmed by an act of Parliament, she refused to admit its validity, she being Henry's wife, and not his subject. The bishop describes her conduct in his letter: "She being therewith in great choler and agony, and always interrupting our words, declared that she would never leave the name of queen, but would persist in accounting herself the king's wife till death." When the official letter containing minutes of their conference was shown to her, she seized a pen and dashed it angrily across every sentence in which she was styled *Princess-dowager.*

If now we turn to that inimitable scene between Katharine and the two cardinals (III. i.), we shall observe how finely Shakespeare has condensed these incidents, and unfolded to us all the workings of Katharine's proud yet feminine nature. She is discovered at work with some of her women—she calls for music to soothe "her soul grown sad with troubles"—then follows the little song, of which the sentiment is so well adapted to the occasion, while its quaint yet classic elegance breathes

the very spirit of those times when Surrey loved and sung:—

> Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves, when he did sing:
> To his music plants and flowers
> Ever sprung, as sun and showers
> There had made a lasting spring.
>
> Every thing that heard him play,
> Even the billows of the sea,
> Hung their heads, and then lay by.
> In sweet music is such art,
> Killing care and grief of heart
> Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

They are interrupted by the arrival of the two cardinals. Katharine's perception of their subtlety—her suspicion of their purpose—her sense of her own weakness and inability to contend with them, and her mild subdued dignity, are beautifully represented; as also the guarded self-command with which she eludes giving a definitive answer; but when they counsel her to that which she, who knows Henry, feels must end in her ruin, then the native temper is roused at once, or, to use Tunstall's expression, "the choler and the agony," burst forth in words:—

> *Queen Katharine.* Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
> Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
> That no king can corrupt.
> *Campeius.* Your rage mistakes us.
> *Queen Katharine.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
> Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
> But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
> Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort,
> The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?

With the same force of language, and impetuous yet dignified feeling, she asserts her own conjugal truth and merit, and insists upon her rights:—

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords, . . .
. . . . . .
My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

And this burst of unwonted passion is immediately followed by the natural reaction; it subsides into tears, dejection, and a mournful self-compassion:—

Would I had never trod this English ground,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allowed me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Dr. Johnson observes on this scene, that all Katharine's distresses could not save her from a quibble on the word *cardinal.*

Holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye!

When we read this passage in connection with the situation and sentiment, the scornful play upon the words is not only appropriate and natural, it seems inevitable.

Katharine, assuredly, is neither an imaginative nor a witty personage; but we all acknowledge the truism that anger inspires wit, and whenever there is passion there is poetry. In the instance just alluded to, the sarcasm springs naturally out from the bitter indignation of the moment. In her grand rebuke of Wolsey, in the trial scene, how just and beautiful is the gradual elevation of her language, till it rises into that magnificent image—

> You have by fortune and his highness' favours,
> Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted,
> Where powers are your retainers, . . .

In the depth of her affliction, the pathos as naturally clothes itself in poetry.

> Like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
> I'll hang my head and perish.

But these, I believe, are the only instances of imagery throughout; for, in general, her language is plain and energetic. It has the strength and simplicity of her character, with very little metaphor and less wit.

In approaching the last scene of Katharine's life, I feel as if about to tread within a sanctuary where nothing befits us but silence and tears; veneration so strives with compassion, tenderness with awe.

We must suppose a long interval to have elapsed since Katharine's interview with the two cardinals. Wolsey was disgraced, and poor Anna Bullen at the height of her short-lived prosperity. It was Wolsey's fate to be detested by both queens. In the pursuance of his own selfish and ambitious designs, he had treated both with perfidy; and one was the remote, the other the immediate cause of his ruin.

The ruffian king, of whom one hates to think, was bent on forcing Katharine to concede her rights, and illegitimize her daughter, in favour of the offspring of

Anna Bullen: she steadily refused, was declared contumacious, and the sentence of divorce pronounced in 1533. Such of her attendants as persisted in paying her the honours due to a queen were driven from her household; those who consented to serve her as princess-dowager, she refused to admit into her presence; so that she remained unattended, except by a few women, and her gentleman usher, Griffith. During the last eighteen months of her life she resided at Kimbolton. Her nephew, Charles V., had offered here an asylum and princely treatment; but Katharine, broken in heart, and declining in health, was unwilling to drag the spectacle of her misery and degradation into a strange country: she pined in her loneliness, deprived of her daughter, receiving no consolation from the pope, and no redress from the emperor. Wounded pride, wronged affection, and a cankering jealousy of the woman preferred to her (which, though it never broke out into unseemly words, is enumerated as one of the causes of her death), at length wore out a feeble frame. . . .

What the historian relates, Shakespeare realizes. On the wonderful beauty of Katharine's closing scene we need not dwell, for that requires no illustration. In transferring the sentiments of her letter to her lips, Shakespeare has given them added grace, and pathos, and tenderness, without injuring their truth and simplicity: the feelings, and almost the manner of expression, are Katharine's own. The severe justice with which she draws the character of Wolsey is extremely characteristic; the benign candour with which she listens to the praise of him "whom living she most hated," is not less so. How beautiful her religious enthusiasm!—the slumber which visits her pillow, as she listens to that sad music she called her knell; her awakening from the vision of celestial joy to find herself still on earth—

> Spirits of peace! where are ye? Are ye all gone,
> And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?—

how unspeakably beautiful! And to consummate all in one final touch of truth and nature, we see that consciousness of her own worth and integrity which had sustained her through all her trials of heart, and that pride of station for which she had contended through long years—which had become more dear by opposition, and by the perseverance with which she had asserted it—remaining the last strong feeling upon her mind, to the very last hour of existence.

> When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honour: strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
> Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
> A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
> I can no more.

In the epilogue to this play it is recommended to

> The merciful construction of good women,
> For *such a one* we show'd 'em:

alluding to the character of Queen Katharine. Shakespeare has, in fact, placed before us a queen and a heroine, who in the first place, and above all, is a *good* woman; and I repeat, that in doing so, and in trusting for all his effect to truth and virtue, he has given a sublime proof of his genius and his wisdom;—for which, among many other obligations, we women remain his debtors.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

What, then, chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII.*? The presence of a noble sufferer—one who was grievously wronged, and who, by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much, in-

deed, of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavour for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile and power and pride. In her trial scene, the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

In spite of the great virtues which I have to acknowledge in her, I have an insurmountable dislike to this princess. As a married woman she was a pattern of social fidelity. As a queen she was most majestic and dignified. As a Christian she was virtue personified. But she inspired Dr. Samuel Johnson with a voice to sing her highest praise, and of all the women described by Shakespeare she is his special favourite. He mentions her with tender pathos . . . and this is insufferable. Shakespeare did his best to idealize the good woman but this is in vain, when we perceive that . . . Dr. Johnson is overcome by tender delight at her sight and runs over in her praise. Were she my wife I could make such praise a ground of separation.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

V.

Wolsey.

Opposed to Buckingham, but still more accomplished with the new arts in vogue, and with a tongue still more persuasive, is the magnificent arrogance of the all-performing Wolsey. He is the type of the advancing Commons as sprung from their very depths; but he has taken such a start ahead of them as to be willing to forget

and to aid in oppressing, his own original order. He has the upstart's not unprovoked hatred of the hereditary nobility, and the upstart's neglect also of the class he has quitted. The tendency of the age is to advance him, and tempting circumstances and a nature that can be dazzled and misled, carry him on by ways too often unholy to a perilous height. Assentation and convenience to royalty brings on such gigantic success that he makes the usual mistake of his position and dreams of independence. The first manifest proof of falsehood for his own ends in a service that every truth disowned, ensures his ruin, and the double herds of vulgar, the select and the numberless, blacken him in his descent, and exult in his overthrow with a temper that would put the best cause in the wrong.

Wolsey is Shakespeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Katharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice—their ignorance of truth—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defencelessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armour that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or

compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the exultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Divided Against Itself.

The effect of the play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . I know no other play in Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of

events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—'*Be sad, as we would make you*'—the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:—

> This day, no man think
> Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
> This little one shall make it holiday.

SPEDDING: *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1850.

No doubt the nature of the subject imposed enormous difficulties on an Elizabethan dramatist. To render with imaginative sympathy the moving story of the divorce, and yet to remember that the glory of his own time had flowered from that malign plant, was to be under a continual provocation to the conflict of interests which the play, as we see, has not escaped. Regarded near by, the divorce of Katharine was a pitiful tragedy; regarded in retrospect it seemed big with the destinies of England. Yet the earlier Histories had presented a parallel difficulty without involving a parallel failure. The glories of Henry V. like those of Elizabeth were rooted in a crime, but no such rent yawns across the tragedy of *Richard II.* as that which so fatally divides *Henry VIII.* against itself. After making all allowance for such ob-

stacles, it remains true that the total effect of the drama is insignificant in proportion to the splendour of detail and the superb power of single scenes. Nothing more damning can be said of any play, and nothing like it can be said of any play which is wholly Shakespeare's work. Hence, in point simply of dramatic quality, the play justifies a suspicion that it is not entirely Shakespeare's work.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Henry VIII and Anne Bullen

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Eighth.*
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the renching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*]
The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the king's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for

There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take

From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'That oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Henry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you 're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll make
My royal choice.

King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premises but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Duke and train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,

For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An ante-chamber in the palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwise: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who 's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches.
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds,

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!

No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from

the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give
heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life

And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He 's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,

And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*]
Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? 'To the Pope!' 220
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself, 230
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law;
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else.

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing. Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-*

steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.

Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house, III
And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman-Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led 'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer,
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same

order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. A gallery in the palace.

[*Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers,
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight—

King. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? 170
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

Port. I shall be with you, presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great

tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,

are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

Glossary.

Abergavenny (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.

Abhor, protest strongly against (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor,* but Holinshed has *"Abhor, refuse, and forsake"*); II. iv. 81.

Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.

Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.

Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.

Advised; "be a.," be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.

After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.

Alike; "things known a.," *i.e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.

Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.

Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.

Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.

An, if; III. ii. 375.

Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.

A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 80.

Appliance, application, cure; I. i. 124.

Approve, confirm (Collier MS., *"improve"*); II. iii. 74.

Arrogancy, arrogance (Folio 1, *"Arrogancie"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"Arrogance"*); II. iv. 110.

As, as if; I. i. 10.

Asher-house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.

At, with; V. i. 131.

Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.

——, seized; I. i. 95.

Attainder, disgrace (Folios 1, 2, *"Attendure"*; Folios 3, 4, *"Attaindure"*); II. i. 41.

Avaunt; "give her the a.," bid her begone; II. iii. 10.

Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 85.

Banquet, dessert; "running b.," *i.e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.

Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.

Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.

Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i.e.* the King; I. i. 56.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.

Beside, besides; Prol. 19.

Bevis; alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valour; he con-

quered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.

Bevy, company of ladies (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.

Blister'd, slashed, puffed (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*blistred*"; Folio 4, "*bolstred*"); I. iii. 31.

'Tall stockings, short-blister'd breeches.'

From an old French print representing a courtier of the time of Francis I.

Blow us, blow us up; V. iv. 48.

Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors: V. iv. 85.

Book, learning (Collier MS., "*brood*"; Lettsom conj. "*brat*"); I. i. 122.

Bootless, useless; II. iv. 61.

Bores, undermines, overreaches (Becket conj. "*bords*"); I. i. 128.

Bosom up, inclose in your heart: I. i. 112.

Bow'd; "a three-pence b.," *i.e.* bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From an original specimen.

Brake, thicket; I. ii. 75.

Brazier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 42.

Broken with, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.

Broomstaff, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 58.

Buzzing, whisper; II. i. 148.

By day and night! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woollen stuff originally made of camel's hair (Folios, "*Chamblet*"); V. iv. 93.

Capable of, susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.

Cardinal (dissyllabic; Folio 1, "*Cardnall*"); II. ii. 97.

Carried, carried out, managed; I. i. 100.

Caution, warning; II. iv. 186.

Censure, judgement; I. i. 33.

Certain, certainly; II. iv. 71.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 48.
Chafed, angry, enraged (Folios 1, 2, "*chaff'd*"); I. i. 123.
Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.
Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.
Cherubins, cherubs; I. i. 23.
Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.
Chiding, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.
Chine, joint of beef (Collier MS., "*queen*"); V. iv. 26.
Churchman, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.
Cited, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.
Clerks, clergy; II. ii. 92.
Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.
Clotharius, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
Clubs! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 53.

Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.
Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 22.
Cold, coldness (Collier MS., "*coldness*"; S. Walker, "*colour*"); IV. ii. 98.
Colour, pretext; I. i. 178.
Come off, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave; "the holy c.," *i.e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.," I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i.e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned (Johnson, "*convened*"); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.," of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.

Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear (*v.* Note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101.
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict (Folios 1, 2, "*dew*"); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.," at the bottom (Long MS., "*at the end*"); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.," *i.e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.
Fellow, equal; I. iii. 41.
Fellows, comrades; II. i. 73.
Fierce, excessive; I. i. 54.
File, list; I. i. 75.
Filed with, kept pace with (Folios, "*fil'd*"); III. ii. 171.
Fine hand, nice business; V. iv. 74.
Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 45.
Fit; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
Fit, suitable; II. ii. 117.
Flaw'd, broken; I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.
Fool and feather; alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25. *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.

For, as for; II. ii. 50.
Force, urge; III. ii. 2.
Foreign man, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
Forged, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
Forty hours, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
Forty pence, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
Frame, plan; I. ii. 44.
Free, freely; II. i. 82.
Free of, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
Fret, eat away; III. ii. 105.
From, of; III. ii. 268.
Front, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
Fullers, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
Furnish'd, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.
Gainsay, deny; II. iv. 96.
Gait, walk (Folios, "*gate*"); III. ii. 116.
Gall'd, wounded; III. ii. 207.
Gap, passage; V. i. 36.
Gaping, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
Gave; "My mind g. me," *i.e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
Gavest, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
Gives way, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
Gladded, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
Gladding, gladdening; V. i. 71.
Glistering, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
Gloss; "painted g.," highly coloured comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
Go about, intend to do; I. i. 131.
Going out, expedition; I. i. 73.
Good, goodness (? wealth; or, good man), merit (Johnson conj. "*ground*"); V. i. 22 (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Gossips, sponsors; V. v. 12.
Government, self-control; II. iv. 138.
Grief, grievance; I. ii. 56.
Grosser, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
Guarded, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
Guy, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 22.

Hall; "the hall," *i.e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.

Happiest; "h. hearers," *i.e.* best disposed, most favourable; Prol. 24.
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.
Hardly, harshly, unfavourably; I. ii. 105.
Hard-ruled, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.
Have-at-him, attack, thrust (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.
Have at you; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.
Having, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.
He, man; V. iii. 131.
Heart; "the best h.," the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.
Hedges, creeps along by hedgerows (Warburton, "*edges*"); III. ii. 39.
Height; "to the h.," in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.
Held, i.e. have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.
——, did hold good; II. i. 149.
Hire (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.
Holidame; "by my h.," an oath (Folios, "*holydame*"; Rowe, "*holy Dame*"); V. i. 116.
Hours (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.
Hulling, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.
Husband; "an ill h.," a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.

In, concerning; II. iv. 103.
Incensed, incited, made to believe (Nares, "*insens'd, i.e.* informed); V. i. 43.
Indifferent, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.
Indurance, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.
Innumerable; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure (Hanmer, "*i. sums*"); III. ii. 326.
Interpreters; "sick i.," prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.
Issues, sons; III. ii. 291.
Item, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.
Its, its own (Folios, "*it's*"); I. i. 18.

Jaded, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.
Justify, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.

Keech, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son (Folio 4, "*Ketch*"); I. i. 55.
Kimbolton, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester (Folios 1, 2, "*Kymmalton*" probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.
Knock it, beat time; I. iv. 108.

Lag end, latter end; I. iii. 35.
Large commission, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.

Late, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.
Lay, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.
Lay by the heels, put in the stocks; V. iv. 83.
Lay upon, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.
Learnedly, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.
Leave, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.
Legatine, pertaining to a legate (Folio 1, "*Legatiue*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Legantive*"; Folio 4, "*Legantine*"); III. ii. 339.
Leisure, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., "*labour*"); III. ii. 140.
Let; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.
Letters-patents (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.
Level, aim; I. ii. 2.
Like it, may it please; I. i. 100.
Limbo Patrum, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 68.
Line, equator; V. iv. 44.
List, pleases; II. ii. 22.
Little; "in a l.," in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.
'Longing, belonging (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*longing*"; Folio 4, "*'longing*"); I. ii. 32.
Look for, expect; V. iv. 10.
Loose, free of speech; II. i. 127.
Lop, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
Lose, forget; II. i. 57.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
Main, general; IV. i. 31.
Makings; "royal m.," ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
Manage, training; V. iii. 24.
Mark, a coin worth 1 3/4; V. i. 170.
Marshalsea, the well-known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 90.
May, can; I. ii. 200.
May-day morning; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 15.
Mazed, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
Mean, means; V. iii. 146.
Measure, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
Memorized, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
Mere, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
Mincing, affectation; II. iii. 31.
Mind, memory; III. ii. 138.

Minds, "their royal m.," their devotion to the king (Pope, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 8.
Mistaken, misjudged; I. i. 195.
Mistakes, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
Mo, more; II. iii. 97.
Model, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
Modest, moderate; V. iii. 69.
Modesty, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
Moiety, half; I. ii. 12.
Moorfields, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 33.
Motions, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
Mounting, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
Mounts, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
Music, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
Mysteries, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.

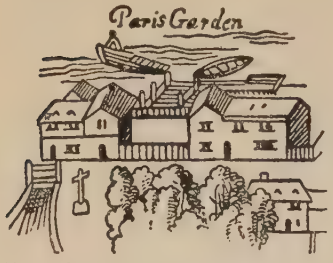
Naughty, wicked; V. i. 138.
New-trimm'd, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
Noised, rumoured, reported; I. ii. 105.
Note, notice; "gives n.," proclaims, I. i. 63; information, I. ii. 48.
Noted, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
Nothing, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 93.
Objections, accusations; III. ii. 307.
Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.," *i.e.* the officers (Roderick conj. "*each office*"); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.," openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*vide* Note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face (Long MS., "*exposing*"); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; II. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I. i. 123.

Pace, put through their paces; V. iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.," *i.e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 94.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list (Campbell, "*the papers*"; Staunton conj. "*he paupers*"); (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.
Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.

Pared, diminished; III. ii. 159.

Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Parish Garden*"); V. iv. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Part away, depart; III. i. 97.

Parted, departed; IV. i. 92; shared V. ii. 28.

Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.

Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.

Peck, pitch, fling (Johnson, "*pick*"); V. iv. 94.

Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Period; "his p.," the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.

Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.

Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.

Phœnix; "maiden p.," so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 40.

Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).

Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 50.

Pitch, height, dignity (Warburton, "*pinch*"; Theobald conj. "*batch*"); II. ii. 50.

Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.

Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.

Play; "make my play"; *i.e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.

Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.

Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 50. *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a Milan bonnet fashionable at this time.

A Pinked Porringer.
From a woodcut dated 1546.

Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. "*peers*"); II. iv. 113.

Powle's, i.e. St. Paul's Cathedral (Folios 1, 2, "*Powles*"; Folio 3, "*Poule's*"; Folio 4, "*Pauls*"); V. iv. 16.

Practice, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

Præmunire, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offence of introducing foreign authority into England (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

Prayers (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

Preferr'd, promoted; IV. i. 102.

Presence, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.

Present, present moment; V. iii. 9.

Present, immediate; I. ii. 211.

Press, crowd, mob (Folios 1, 2, "*preasse*"; Folio 3, "*preass*"); V. iv. 88.

Prime, first; III. ii. 162.

Primer, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.

Primero, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.

Private, alone; II. ii. 12.

Privily, privately; I. i. 183.

Privity, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.

Proof; "in p.," when brought to the test; I. i. 197.

Proper, fine (used ironically); I. i. 98.

Purse; "the p.," *i.e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114-115.

Put off, dismissed, I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss, II. iv. 21.

Putter on, instigator; I. ii. 24.

Quality, nature; I. ii. 84.

Queen, play the queen; II. iii.

Raised head, levied an army; II. i. 108.

Range, rank; II. iii. 20.

Rankness, exuberance; IV. i. 59.

Rate, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.

Read, learn, take example (Collier conj. "*tread*"); V. v. 37.

Receipt, reception; "such r. of learning" = the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.

Renching (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.

Respect; "dear r.," *i.e.* intense regard; V. iii. 119.

Rub, obstacle, impediment (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.

Run in; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

Saba, the queen of Sheba (the Vulgate "*Regina Saba*"); V. v. 23.

Sacring bell, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host (Rowe, Pope, "*scaring bell*"); III. ii. 295.

Salute, touch, affect, exhilarate (Collier MS., "*elate*"); II. iii. 103.

Saving, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.

Saw, "we s."; *i.e.* saw each other, met (Folios 3, 4, "*saw y'*"); I. i. 2.
Sectary, dissenter; V. iii. 70.
Seeming, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.
Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).
Set, sitting; III. i. 74.
Set on, set forward; II. iv. 241.
Shot; "loose s.," random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 59.
Shrewd, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.
Shrouds, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
Sick, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
Sicken'd impaired (Theobald conj. "*slacken'd*"); I. i. 82.
Sign, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
Silenced; "the ambassador is s.," *i.e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence" (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
Single, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
Slept upon, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
Slightly, smoothly, rapidly (S. Walker conj. "*lightly*"); II. iv. 112.
Solicited, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 195.
Sometimes, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.
Sooth, truth; II. iii. 30.
Sought, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
Sound, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
Sounder, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
Spaniard; "the S.," *i.e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
Spann'd, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
Sparing, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
Spavin, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
Speak, bear witness, II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
Spinsters, spinners; I. ii. 33.
Spleen, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
Spleeny, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
Spoil, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
Springhalt, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
Stand on, rely upon; V. i. 122.
State, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy, I. iv. (stage direction).
Staying, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
Still, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
Stirs against, is active against (Collier MS., "*strives*"); V. iii. 39.
Stomach, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
Stood to, sided with; II. iv. 86.
Strains, embraces; IV. i. 46.
Strove, striven; II. iv. 30.
Suddenly, immediately; V. iv. 83.

Sufferance, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
Suggestion, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
Suggests, incites; I. i. 164.

Tainted, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
Take peace, make peace; II. i. 85.
Talker, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
Tendance, attention; III. ii. 149.
Tender, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
That, so that; I. i. 25.
This (Folio "*his*"); V. iii. 133.
Throughly, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
Tied, brought into a condition of bondage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Ty'de*"; Folio 4, "*Ty'd*"; Hanmer, "*Tyth'd*"); IV. ii. 36.
Time, present state of things; V. i. 37.
To, against; III. ii. 92.
To be, as to be; III. i. 86.
Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow (Clark MS., "*grace*"); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track (Warburton, "*tread*"); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble (or, [?] makes us tremble); (Collier MS., "*trebling*"); I. ii. 95.
Trow, "I t.," I believe (Folios 1, 2, "*trod*"); I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons (Folios 3, 4, "*Truncheons*"); V. iv. 54.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

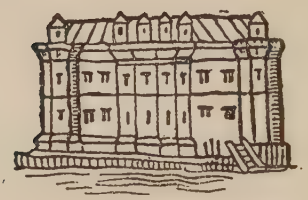
Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.," take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.
Values; "not v.," is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.
Voice, vote, I. ii. 70; rumour, general talk; III. ii. 405.
Voices; "free v.," candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.

Was, "w. too far"; *i.e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 62.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.



Waterfront of the Palace at Bridewell.
(From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. 3. *'high and working'*; Staunton reads *'and high-working.'*

Prol. 12. *'shilling'*; the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.

Prol. 16. *'a long motley coat'*; the professional garb of a fool or jester.

Prol. 21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, *'that'* referring to *'opinion'* (= reputation); or as following directly on *'opinion,' i.e.* 'the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth.'

I. i. 6. *'Those suns of glory'*; *i.e.* Francis I., King of France, and Henry VIII., King of England; Folios 3, 4, read, *'sons.'*

I. i. 7. *'the vale of Andren. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.* Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the the two towns was the scene of the famous 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' *Cp.* illustration at end of Notes.

I. i. 63. Capell's reading of Folio 1, *'but spider-like, Out of his selfe-drawing web, O gives us note.'* Further, Capell and Rowe substituted *'self-drawn'* for *'self-drawing.'*

I. i. 79, 80. *'The honourable . . . out, . . . him in he papers'*; Folios 1, 2, read *'The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers,'* etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i.e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e.g.* *'the papers'*; *'he paupers.'*

I. i. 86. *'minister communication'*; Collier MS., *'the consummation'*; but the phrase is Holinshed's.

I. i. 90. *'the hideous storm'*; "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).

I. i. 115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.

I. i. 120. *'venom-mouthed'*; Pope's reading; Folios read, *'venom'd-mouth'd.'*

I. i. 152. *'Whom from the flow of gall I name not,'* etc.; *i.e.* 'whom I mention, not because I am still angry,'; etc.

I. i. 167. *'renching'*; the Camb. ed. *'rinsing,'* Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading *'wrenching,'* which is evidently an error for *'renching,'* a provincial English cognate of *'rinse,'* both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse,* through the medium of French, *rench,* a direct borrowing (Collier MS., *'wrensing'*).

I. i. 172. *'count-cardinal'*; Pope proposed *'court-cardinal.'*

I. i. 176. *'Charles the Emperor,'* viz., Charles V., Emperor of Germany; Katharine was his mother's sister.

I. i. 200. *'Hereford'*; Capell's reading; Folios, *'Hertford.'*

I. i. 204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."

I. i. 211. *'Abergavenny'*; Folios, *'Aburgany,'* the usual pronunciation of the name.

I. i. 217. *'Montacute'*; Folios read, *'Mountacute'*; Rowe reads, *'Montague.'*

I. i. 219. *'chancellor'*; Theobald's correction; Folios 1, 2 read, *'Councellour.'*

I. i. 221. *'Nicholas Hopkins'*; Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Folios, *'Michaell'* (probably due to printer's confusion of *'Nich'* with *'Mich'*).

I. ii. 67. *'business'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'baseness.'*

I. ii. 147. *'Henton'*; *i.e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.

I. ii. 164. *'confession's seal'*; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Folios, *'commissions.'*

I. ii. 170. *'To gain'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, *'To'*; Collier MS. reads, *'To get'*; Grant White, *'To win.'*

I. ii. 179. *'for him'*; Capell's emendation of *'For this'* of the Folios; Collier MS. reads, *'From this'*; etc.

I. ii. 190. *'Bulmer'*; Folios read, *'Blumer'*; Pope, *'Blomer.'*

I. iii. 13. *'Or springhalt'*; Verplanck's (Collier conj.) emendation of Folios, *'A springhalt'*; Pope, *'And springhalt.'*

I. iii. 34. *'wear'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, *'wee'*; Anon. conj., *'oui.'*

I. iii. 59. *'has wherewithal'*; Folios, *'ha's,'* probably an error for *''has,' i.e.* *'(he) has.'*

I. iv. *'York Place.'* *Cp.* the annexed illustration.

From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Bird's-eye View of London* in 1543, now in the Sutherland collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I. iv. 6. *'As, first, good company'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4 reads, *'As, first good company'*; Theobald, *'as, first-good company'*; Halliwell, *'as far as good company,'* etc.

II. i. 29. *'was either pitied in him or forgotten'*; *i.e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).

II. i. 54. *'Sir William Sands'*; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of Folio 1, *'Sir Walter Sands'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Walter Sands.'*

II. i. 86. *'mark'*; Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'make.'*

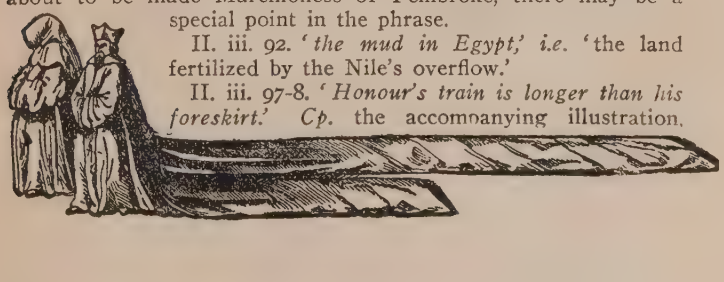
II. i. 105. *'I now seal it,' i.e.* my truth,—with blood.

II. ii. 85. *'one have-at-him'*; Folio 1, *'one; haue at him'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'one heave at him'*; Knight, *'one;—have at him.'*

II. ii. 94. *'Have their free voices,' i.e.* 'have liberty to express their opinions freely' (Grant White, *'Gave'* for *'Have.'*)

II. iii. 14. *'that quarrel, fortune, do'*; Folio 1 reads, *'that quarrell. Fortune, do'*; Collier MS., *'that cruel fortune do'*; Keightley, *'that quarrel, by fortune, do'*; Lettsom conj. *'that fortunes quarrel do'*; Hanmer, *'that quarr'ler, fortune do,'* etc.

II. iii. 46. *'little England'*; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as *'little England'*; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.



II. iii. 92. *'the mud in Egypt,' i.e.* 'the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow.'

II. iii. 97-8. *'Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

from a series of engravings published at Nancy, 1608, which depicts Duke Henry II. and his attendant the Duke of Mantua at the funeral of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine.

II. iv. 62. '*That longer you desire the court,*' *i.e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; Folio 4, '*defer*'; Keightley conj. '*court delay'd.*'

II. iv. 172. '*The Bishop of Bayonne*'; strictly it should be 'the Bishop of Tarbes,' but the mistake was Holinshed's.

II. iv. 174. '*The Duke of Orleans*' was the second son of Francis I., King of France.

II. iv. 182. '*the bosom of my conscience*'; Holinshed's use of '*secret bottom of my conscience*' justified Theobald's emendation of '*bosom*' to '*bottom.*'

II. iv. 199. '*throe*'; Pope's emendation Folios, '*throw.*'

II. iv. 204. '*yet not,*' *i.e.* not yet.

II. iv. 225. '*drive*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*drives.*'

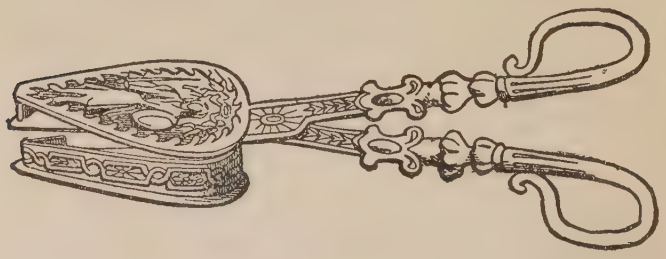
III. i. 38. '*and that way I am wife in*'; *i.e.* concerning my conduct as a wife. (Rowe proposed '*wise*' for '*wife.*')

III. i. 40. '*Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima*'; 'So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess.'

III. ii. 64. '*He is returned in his opinions,*' *i.e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.

III. ii. 66. '*Together with all famous colleges*'; Rowe reads, '*Gather'd from all the famous colleges.*'

III. ii. 96. '*I must snuff it.*' *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a pair of snuffers dating from the year 1538.



III. ii. 172. '*been mine so*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*been so.*'

III. ii. 192. '*that am, have, and will be,*' etc.; the reading of the

Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of '*that am, have, and will be*,' it has been proposed to read, '*that am your slave, and will be*'; this would get rid of the awkward '*have*'= 'have been,' but probably the line is correct as it stands.

III. ii. 272. '*that . . . dare mate*'; *i.e.* I that . . . dare mate.

III. ii. 282. '*And dare us with his cap like larks*'; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).

III. ii. 321. '*Cassado*'; so Folios, following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, '*Cassalis*.'

III. ii. 325. '*your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin. Cp.* the accompanying facsimile of a groat minted at Wolsey's city of York.

III. ii. 343. '*Chattels*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Castles*.'

IV. ii. 58-59. '*Those twins of learning . . . Ipswich and Oxford*'; Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.

IV. ii. 60. '*the good that did it*'; Pope reads, '*the good he did it*'; Collier MS., '*the good man did it*'; Staunton, '*the good that rear'd it*,' etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the 'good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i.e* founded it.'

V. i. 34. '*is*'; Theobald, '*he's*.'

V. i. 106. '*you a brother of us*,' *i.e.* being a Privy Councillor.

V. iii. 11-12. '*frail and capable of our flesh*'; Keightley, '*culpable and frail*,' etc.; Pope, '*and capable Of frailty*'; Malone, '*incapable; Of our flesh*'; Mason conj. '*and culpable: Of our flesh*,' etc.

V. iii. 22. '*pace 'em not in their hands*,'; *i.e.* 'leading them by the bridle.'

V. iii. 30. '*The Upper Germany*'; alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521-1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in

Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.

V. iii. 66. '*Lay,*' *i.e.* 'though ye lay.'

V. iii. 85. '*This is too much*'; the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of '*Cham.*' and '*Chan.*'

The Palace Yard.
From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Map of London* (1543), in the Bodleian Library.

V. iii. 125. '*bare*'; Malone's emendation of Folios, '*base.*'

V. iii. 165. '*You'ld spare your spoons,*' *i.e.* you wish to save your spoons! alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.

V. iv. '*The Palace Yard.*' *Cp.* illustration.

V. iv. 27. '*And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*' a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.

V. iv. 34. '*some strange Indian.*' Exhibitions of Indians, alive or embalmed, were by no means infrequent in the London of Shakespeare's day. *Cp. Tempest,* II. ii. 34. The annexed illustration represents one of these 'strange kind of people' (with whose transportation Sir Martin Frobisher was specially concerned), and is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing of about 1590, the original of which is preserved in a MS. in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral.

'*Some Strange Indian.*'

V. iv. 65, 66. '*the tribulation of Towerhill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*' There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.

V. v. 71. '*And your good brethren*'; Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Folios read, '*and you good brethren.*'

V. v. 76. '*has*'; *i.e.* he has; Folios, ''*Has.*'

The meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. in the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
(From a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.)

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

18-22. *To rank . . . friend*:—"This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:—

> "Though need make many poets, and some such
> As art and nature have not better'd much;
> Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
> As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
> To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
> Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
> Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
> *And help of some few foot and half-foot words,*
> *Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,*
> *And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.*"

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter the Duke of Norfolk,* etc.] This Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of

Surrey in *Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

48. "*Element* here," says Hudson, "is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water." Schmidt's explanation substantially agrees with this.

84, 85. *Have broke their backs*, etc.:—"In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*; among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." The passage might be cited as going to show that the Poet's reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.

85-87. *What did this vanity . . . issue*:—That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool."

116. *Where's his examination?*—Where is he to be examined? The cardinal, says Holinshed, "boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had beene the dukes surveior, an instrument

to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet, being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he uttered, that the duke was accustomed by waie of talke to saie how he meant so to use the matter, that he would atteine to the crowne, if King Henrie chanced to die without issue. The cardinall procured Knevet, with manie great promises, that he should laie these things to the dukes charge with more, if he knew it, when time required."

120. There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as has been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

122, 123. *A beggar's book*, etc.:—It was natural at that time, that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison of noble blood. Nor was his pride of birth so bad in itself as Wolsey's pride of self-made greatness.

195. *Something mistaken*:—Not that he had made a mistake, but that others were mistaken regarding him.

207. *You shall to the Tower*:—The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the King, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the Duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the King to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The King hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower."

217. *Lord Montacute*:—This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored

to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

226. *this instant cloud puts on*:—This instant cloud assumes; "whose figure" referring to "Buckingham," not to "shadow." According to White, "the speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present, the passing] cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, 'this instant cloud puts *out*,' and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed. Singer, Verplanck. and Hudson adopt Johnson's reading.

Scene II.

151-171. The following from the *Chronicles* will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the Kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the King. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the King nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and save the rule of the realme of England."

171-176. The honourable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the King's be-

coming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn.

193-199. *If . . . I for this*, etc.:—The *Chronicles* tell us that "the same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the Kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet, esquier, after that the King had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against King Richard the Third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to have come unto the presence of the same King Richard; which sute if he might have obteined, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of King Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him."

Scene III.

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*] The dramatist has placed this Scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

25. *fool and feather*:—The text may receive illustration from Nash's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer: *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*; my French doublet gelte in the belly; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses; my *long stock* that sate close to my dock; my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*." The feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News*: "And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."

63. *My barge stays*:—Is waiting to take us to York-place (from the King's palace at Bridewell).

Scene IV.

64. [*Enter the King and others, as masquers.*] This visit of the King in disguise is historical, and was quite in the fashion of the time. The occurrences at the real masquing, according to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, were much as they are here represented. But it was not on this occasion that Henry first danced with Anne Bullen, as will appear from the next note.

76. [*Dance.*] This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Bullen did not occur during this banquet, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion, which was a grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Bullen for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it.

96. *And not to kiss you*:—The allusions to the custom here put in practice are countless in our old literature. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, neglect to take.

102. *In the next chamber*:—According to Cavendish, the King, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel," and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

40 *et seq.* "There was great enmitie," says Holinshed, "betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the Earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. The earle, being unmarried, was desir-

ous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrairie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the King, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the Earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."

103. *poor Edward Bohun*:—The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford*; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Scene II.

12. [*Enter . . . Suffolk,*] This Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis XII. of France. Suffolk was one of the leading noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.

40-42. It was the *main end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

63. This stage direction of the old copy—*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively*—is singular. It was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.

130. *he ran mad and died*:—"Aboute this time," says Holinshed, "the King received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes."

Scene III.

78. *a gem*:—Probably the carbuncle, which was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark. Any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

97, 98. *honour's train*, etc.:—"Meaning, of course," says Hudson, "that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her; or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste."

103. *salute my blood*:—Compare with Shakespeare's similar phrase in *Sonnets*, CXXI., 5, 6:—

> "For why should others' false adulterate eyes
> Give *salutation to my* sportive *blood?*"

Scene IV.

[*Canterbury.*] At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. This long stage direction from the Folio, is in most of its particulars according to the actual event. The "two priests, bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.

12. [*The Queen . . . goes about the court*, etc.] "Because," says Cavendish, "she could not come directly to the King for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the King, kneeling down at his feet."

69. *To you I speak*:—The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge.

Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims, 'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."

116, 117. *You tender more*, etc.:—So in Holinshed: "He was the hautiest man in all his proceedings alive, having more respect to the honour of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession, wherein should be shewed all meeknes, humilitie, and charitie."

166. *I speak my good lord cardinal to this point*:—The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.

239. *Prithee, return*:—The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

22, 23. Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

> "*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere*;
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Maketh gode men of religion."

51-53. The construction is, "I am sorry my integrity, and service to his majesty and you, should breed so deep suspicion." Edwards made a transposition of the lines, thus:—

"I am sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you."

Hudson (Harvard ed.) so transposes them. White leaves them in the original order, with the line, *And service to his majesty and you* in parenthesis.

102. *The more shame for ye*:—If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good.

164. *grow as terrible as storms*:—It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that, in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."

Scene II.

42. *married*:—The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the circumstances forced a public acknowledgment of it early in April.

120-128. This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The Poet was judicious in making Wolsey's fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the King, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further

than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523."

140. *Spiritual leisure* is leisure for *spiritual exercises.* The King seems biting him with irony; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs.

141. *Keep your earthly audit* "means, apparently," says Hudson, "look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is *verify,* your secular accounts."

184-190. The interpretation seems to be: "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

231. *my Lord of Winchester's*:—Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

256. *Buckingham, my father-in-law*:—The Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

314. *Ego et Rex meus*:—These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus,* I and my king; as who would saie that the King were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him.

325. *Your holy hat,* etc.:—This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

350 *et seq.* "In *Henry VIII.*," says Emerson, "I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original work on which his [Shakespeare's] own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where, instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence."

411, 412. *the noble troops . . . smiles*:—The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

16. *coronation*:—"The play," in the opinion of Emerson, "contains through all its length unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs."

49. *The Cinque-ports* (i.e., the *five* ports) were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe. Rye and Winchelsea were subsequently added. For furnishing many warships the original five received important privileges. According to Hall, "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the Queen's head, the day of the coronation."

88. *crown*:—The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

Scene II.

16. *his mule*:—Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

34. *Of an unbounded stomach*:—The *Chronicles* have many passages showing up this trait of pride or arrogance in Wolsey's character. Thus: "It fortuned that the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother." This whole speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach* for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."

48-68. *This cardinal,* etc.:—This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. . . . A great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

103. *rude behaviour*:—Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath,

and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

169. *maiden flowers*:—To scatter flowers in the grave at the burial of maidens was customary. See *Hamlet*, V. i. 244, 245: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewments*"; and, a few lines further on, the Queen's words when she strews flowers in the grave of Ophelia.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

113-121. We here trace the Poet's reading into a new path, and one that entirely refutes the old notion that his knowledge of English history was confined to the pages of Holinshed. The matter of the Scene, and in many cases the precise language, are taken from the book commonly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, which was first printed in 1563.

142-157. *Be of good cheer*, etc.:—This is taken almost literally from Foxe, who makes the King speak to the archbishop as follows: "'Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the councell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you and appeale to the Kings owne person, by this his token unto you all*; for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall understand that I have

resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the Kings benignitie so much to himwards, had much ado to forbeare teares. 'Well,' said the King, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.'"

Scene II.

20. [*Enter the King and Butts at a window above.*] In America we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passageways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor halls, castles, and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining-room, or banqueting-hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day.

34. *draw the curtain close*:—That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

Scene III.

[*The council-chamber.*] The old stage direction at the commencement of this Scene is: "A councell table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state." Our ancestors were contented to be *told* that the same spot, perhaps without any change of its appearance except the drawing back of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber.

99-113. *By virtue of that ring*, etc.:—So in Foxe: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaille chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the King had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the Kings ring, revoking his cause into the Kings hands. The whole councell being thereat somewhat amazed, the

Earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the King will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the Kings token, they all rose, and caryed the King his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."

102. *This is the king's ring*:—It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

167. *you'ld spare your spoons*:—The ancient offerings upon occasions of christening when spoons were given as presents were called *apostle-spoons,* because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Scene IV.

15. *On May-day morning*:—Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. The old custom is finely touched by Wordsworth in his two *Odes to May*:—

> "Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
> At peep of dawn would rise
> And wander forth, in forest glades
> Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouch'd the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!"

Scene V.

50 *et seq.* On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, the King is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor.* In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

76. The last Act is the indispensable sequel and completion to those that precede, and clinches the vast political determination that was gathering and moving onward, in the intrigues and reactions of the earlier scenes. The business of the divorce opened the question of independence of Rome—or reopened it, and it is furthered by the dispositions of Anne Bullen and her feud with the cardinal. In the last Act we find the King in personal exercise of absolute power, and giving sign of casting it decisively into the scale of the party of the new opinions, by crushing the intrigue of Gardiner. Cranmer and Cromwell are indicated in the play as the ecclesiastical and lay leaders of the impending innovation, and if with brevity, we must remember that the ears of Shakespeare's generation were still tingling with their doings, and parties took sides at once at the very mention of their names. Hence the significance to the course of the play, of the support they receive from the King, and the seal of the alliance is the selection of the new man Cranmer to be godfather to the infant princess—of Elizabeth, who was destined to carry forward not only the better public tendencies peace and power—of honours open to all, and as nobly gained as bestowed, but also to secure the strongest establishment for the church of liberty and liberalizing enlightenment, that the marriage of her mother was the occasion of first effectually promoting.

Questions on King Henry VIII.

1. Who is the dramatist to whom joint authorship of this play is ascribed?

2. Mention the parts assigned to Shakespeare.

3. What is the temper of the play as evidenced by the Prologue? How many instances does the play present where *mightiness meets misery*? Do you think Shakespeare wrote the Prologue?

ACT FIRST.

4. What event is discussed by Norfolk and Buckingham at the beginning of the play?

5. Whom does Norfolk's glowing description serve to introduce, and what impression of him is gained thereby?

6. What bits of personal biography of Wolsey does the scene furnish?

7. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between Wolsey and Buckingham?

8. Of what treasons does Buckingham accuse Wolsey? How is the former prevented from carrying out his threat? How is the promise of the Prologue fulfilled in the arrest of Buckingham?

9. Comment on the power of Wolsey at the court as indicated by his position in the procession at the opening of Sc. ii.

10. Has the subject of the Queen's petition been introduced in the preceding Scene? Does the interruption by the Queen make an effective dramatic moment?

11. Explain the social conditions resulting from the taxations. Who was responsible for the taxations? On what pretext were they levied?

12. What is Wolsey's defense of himself? Do the facts or does the King accuse him and ask for explanation?

13. Indicate Henry's conservative policy. How does Wolsey turn the King's pardon to his own advantage?

14. What are the accusations against Buckingham made by the Surveyor?

15. How does the Queen bear herself during this entire Scene? What is the dramatic purpose of presenting her at the height of her official dignity and influence at the outset of the play?

16. For whom was the Cardinal's party given as presented in Sc. iv.?

17. What impression do you get of Anne Bullen in this Scene? What side of Henry's nature is here presented? What of the Cardinal?

18. Is the incident of the masquers historical?

ACT SECOND.

19. How did the Duke of Buckingham conduct himself at his trial? Why is the trial not given before the spectators?

20. In his speech, Sc. i., beginning line 55, what distinction does Buckingham make between the justice of his sentence and the fact of his own guilt or innocence?

21. What was the fate of his father? Is there any anticipation of the thought of Wolsey's farewell address (III. ii. 350) in the speech of Buckingham beginning line 100?

22. How is Wolsey accused of implication in the rumoured divorce of Henry and Katharine? Why did he desire the archbishopric of Toledo?

23. What element of the exposition does the letter (Sc. ii.) supply? What relation does Suffolk bear to the King?

24. What does Norfolk say (Sc. ii.) about Wolsey's influence over the King? How is he shown, by dramatic means, to be the privileged subject?

25. On what mission did Campeius come to the court? Give the Dr. Pace incident and its effect upon Wolsey. How did the Cardinal use all inferiors?

26. Interpret the King's allusions to Katharine at the end of Sc. ii.

27. Is Anne's pity for the Queen genuine? Does she apprehend the real grounds of the Queen's misery? Is Anne sincere in her protestations about pomps?

28. Estimate the character of the Old Lady. What is her station? Compare her with the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet.*

29. What honours does the King bestow upon Anne? What is the dramatic effect of this advancement of her?

30. How does Katharine begin her appeal (Sc. iv.) to the King

at the opening of her trial? What allusion does she make to the legality of the marriage?

31. What is the dramatic action accompanying the speech, *Lord cardinal, to you I speak*?

32. What point in Wolsey's career is marked by the Queen's denunciation of him?

33. How does Katharine characterize his reply to her? To what pitch does it stir her?

34. How does she leave the court?

35. What does the King say in exoneration of Wolsey? How was Henry led to question the validity of his marriage with Katharine? Interpret the King's speech with which the Scene closes.

ACT THIRD.

36. Comment on the fitness of the opening song to the spirit of the first Scene. What presage is there of the conclusion of the Scene?

37. In what frame of mind does Katharine receive Wolsey and Campeius? What does Wolsey say is the purpose of their visit?

38. In the scene with Wolsey and Campeius what new things does Katharine advance in her own defence? What part does her sense of queenly dignities as her right bear to her other claims? Compare her with Hermione. Which case more moves to pity?

39. In Wolsey's words, *The hearts of princes kiss obedience, so much they love it,* what far-reaching principle does he suggest of a polity that he helped to establish in England and which held sway until the fall of the Stuarts?

40. Does the Scene close with a feeling of Katharine's defeat?

41. With what motive does the open opposition (Sc. ii.) against Wolsey begin? How is it said that he swayed the King?

42. What are the two counts that the King has against Wolsey which end in his downfall? How are they dramatically presented?

43. Why was Wolsey opposed to Anne Bullen?

44. Was the incident of Wolsey's mistake in sending to the King the inventory of his personal possessions historically true? Characterize the scene in which the King breaks with Wolsey.

45. To what uses did Wolsey intend to put the wealth that he had accumulated?

46. Is there a failure to sustain the level of the scene between the points marked by the exit of the King and the farewell address by Wolsey? What is Wolsey's bearing during the scoldings of the lords?

47. It is judged that this Scene, from the exit of the King on to the end, is the work of Fletcher. Mention some aspects of the longer speeches that seem un-Shakespearian.

48. Is there a progressive rise in dramatic effect in the three instances that illustrate the promise of the Prologue that the play shall exhibit how *mightiness meets misery*?

ACT FOURTH.

49. How are we informed of the divorce of Katharine? What attitude did she persist in maintaining towards the court set to judge the case?

50. How is Anne Bullen's coronation procession described?

51. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. ii. in following the events of the preceding Scene?

52. How did Wolsey end his life?

53. How does Katharine describe his life? Was Griffith's account as true as the Queen's?

54. What is symbolized by the masque?

55. What trait in Katharine does the conduct of the messenger call out?

56 Is the last scene in which Katharine appears convincing in its truth to nature?

ACT FIFTH.

57. How does Sc. i. show Anne Bullen to be regarded by the courtiers?

58. Who are associated with her in the disfavour of the court?

59. What incident precedes the interview of the King and Cranmer, and what is suggested by the juxtaposition?

60. How does Henry arrange with Cranmer to meet the charges of the council? On what grounds was Cranmer summoned before them?

61. What is the chief trait of the Old Lady as exhibited in Sc. i. and in the earlier Scene?

62. What indignity is put upon Cranmer, and how is the King informed of it? Describe Cranmer's trial.

63. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. Granting that it was written by Fletcher, or by some unknown hand, how does it compare with similar scenes of undoubted Shakespearian authorship?

64. Comment upon the lack of unity of the play in considering the last Act in relation to the others.

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65. Viewing the play as a whole, what is its great artistic defect? Is there a lack of any informing purpose?
Is there a lack of any informing purpose?

66. Show how Wolsey's fall caused a change in his ideas of life and duty. Do you regard his repentance and purification as natural and logical?

67. How is contrast effected by the portrayal of Cranmer in the last Act?

68. How does the end of the play exhibit the transference of absolute power once wielded by Wolsey? In this respect does the play exhibit the true course of history?

69. What made it impossible for this play to present a life-like portrait of Anne Bullen? Does this portrait contain anything false?

The Tragedy of
King Richard III

THE
TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* was first printed in 1597, with the following title-page:—"The Tragedy of | King Richard the Third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it hath been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his servants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. | "

This edition, known as Quarto 1, was reprinted more or less correctly in subsequent Quartos issued in the years 1598 (Quarto 2), 1602 (Quarto 3), 1605 (Quarto 4), 1612 (Quarto 5), 1622 (Quarto 6), 1629 (Quarto 7), 1634 (Quarto 8); each of these issues followed its immediate predecessor, except in the case of the 1612 edition, which was printed from the Quarto of 1602: in the second and subsequent Quartos the name of the author (*By* William Shakespeare) was added.

The First and Second Folios give the title of the play as follows:—

"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field."

The Text. The textual problems connected with *Richard the Third* are of a complicated nature, owing to

the many differences between the Quarto version and that of the Folio. The main differences may be grouped under the following heads:—(1) The Folio contains nearly 200 lines which are not found in the Quarto,* while the Quarto contains at least one notable passage not found in the Folio (IV. ii. 103-120); (2) it gives alterations of the Quarto, which could not have been intended by Shakespeare;* (3) in a great many cases it removes (*a*) gross and obvious metrical defects,† (*b*) imaginary metrical irregularities of the Quarto;‡ (4) it introduces a number of alterations to avoid repeating the same word;§ (5) it often modifies "certain terms of phrase and use of

* *Viz.*:—I. ii. 16, 25, 155-167; iii. 116, 167-169; iv. 36, 37, 69-72, 113, 114, 216, 260-263, 267, 269; II. i. 67; ii. 89-100, 123-140; III. i. 172-174; iii. 7, 8, 15; iv. 104-107; v. 7, 103-105; vii. 5, 6, 37, 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, 245; IV. i. 2-6, 37, 98-104; iv. 20, 21, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221-234, 276, 277, 288-342, 400; V. iii. 27, 28, 43.

**E.g.* '*Unmannered dog, standst thou when I command*' (I. ii. 39).

'*Or let me die, to look on earth no more*' (II. iv. 65).

† *E.g.* '*And when my uncle told me so he wept,*
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father' (II. ii. 23-25).

Cp. the Quarto version:—

'*And when he told me so, he wept*
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek
And bade me rely on him as on my father.'

‡ *E.g.* '*I do remember me, Henry the Sixth,*' instead of '*As I remember, Henry the Sixth*' (IV. ii. 98); (*i.e., Henery the Sixth*).

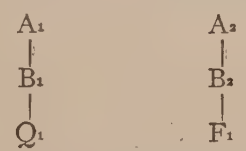
§ *E.g.* '*Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in stumbling* (Folios, *falling*)
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard' (I. iv. 18.)

'*By heaven my heart* (*Folios soul*) *is purged from grudging hate*
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love' (II. i. 9).

words," which had evidently become obsolete, *e.g. which* is changed to *that*; *betwixt* to *between*; *thou wert* to *thou wast*; *yea* to *I* (*aye*); *moe* to *more,* or *other*; *you* to *thou*; (6) there are besides certain minute verbal changes in the Folio, the reason for which is not so clear as in the previous cases, but probably in most instances they are due to euphony;* (7) the stage-directions in the Folio are fuller and more accurate than those in the Quarto.

Which is the best Authority? Critics are divided on this point, some championing the cause of the Quartos, others of the Folios; the chief representatives of the former party are the Cambridge Editors; of the latter James Spedding, Delius, Daniel, etc.

(i.) According to the Cambridge Editors, some such scheme as the following will best account for the phenomena of the text:—



Where A_1 is the Author's original MS.; B_1 a transcript by another hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, while A_2 is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, interlinear, marginal, and on inserted leaves; B_2 a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author, and perhaps a very short time before 1623. From B_2 the Folio text was printed; the writer of B_2 had perhaps occasionally recourse to the Quarto of 1602 to supplement passages which, by its being frayed or

* *E.g.* '*To bring* (Folios, *bear*) *this tidings to the bloody King,*' (IV. iii. 22.)
'*The imperial metal circling now thy brow*' (Folios, *head*); (IV. iv. 382).

stained, had become illegible in A_2 (*v.* page x., Camb. ed.).

"Assuming the truth of this hypothesis," the Cambridge Editors conclude, "the object of an editor must be to give in the text as near an approximation as possible to A_2, rejecting from F_1 all that is due to the unknown writer of B_2 and supplying its place from Q_1, which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse, and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. . . . *Cæteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto.*"

(ii.) James Spedding, in an exhaustive essay on the subject,* contested this view, maintaining "that the text of the Folio (errors being corrected or allowed for) represents the result of Shakespeare's own latest version, and approaches nearest to the form in which he wished it to stand," that the First Quarto was printed without preparation for the press or superintendence by himself, and that he began to prepare a corrected and amended copy, but had not leisure to complete this new version.†

Delius anticipated Spedding in his inquiry,‡ and came to an even more determined conclusion as regards the superiority of the Folio; according to him a nameless corrector had tampered with the original MS. before it went to the printer in 1597, while the true text appears in the Folio version.

Mr. Daniel (*Facsimile Reprint of Quarto* 1) is also in favour of the Folio "as the basis of the text"; after a

* *On the corrected edition of Richard III., pp.* 1-75. *New Shakespere Society's Transactions,* 1875-6.

† *Ibid. v.* p. 190, where Spedding summed up his views, after considering Mr. Pickersgill's objections (pp. 77-124).

‡ *v.* German Shakespeare Society's Year Book, Vol. VII.

careful analysis of the early Quartos he comes to the conclusion that the Folio version was printed from a copy of Quarto 6, altered "in accordance with the theatrical MS. which the transcriber had before him."

(iii.) Surveying all the evidence, the present writer thinks it possible to take a somewhat neutral position; the partisanship of the two schools seems too determined in its devotion to the one text or the other. Whatever may be the history of the First Quarto it certainly goes back to the author's MS., probably abridged for acting purposes; but on the whole it is a careless piece of printing; whatever may be the history of the First Folio version, one can certainly trace in it the touch of a hand other than Shakespeare's; * the editor did his work with insufficient caution, though comparatively few changes for the worse are intentionally his; he probably had a Third or Sixth Quarto collated with an unabridged MS., ordering an untrustworthy assistant to correct the printed copy, and to add the omitted passages; subsequently he probably read through the whole, amending here and there, and not troubling to consult the MS. too often. Hence the genuineness of most of the added passages, and the doubtful character of so many of the smaller changes.

The Date of Composition. Authorities are agreed in assigning *Richard III.* to 1594 or thereabouts, relying mainly on the internal evidence of style, especially the manifest influence of Marlowe; in considering this influence it must be borne in mind that the play belongs naturally to the group of history plays dealing with the

* *E.g.* *'My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she*
That tempts him to this harsh *extremity'* (I. i. 64).
Q. 1. *'That tempers him to this extremity.'*
Q. 2. *'That tempts him to this extremity.'*
Q. 3. *'That temps him to this extremity.'*
Spedding held there is nothing to choose between the two lines, but there seems all the difference in the world between the Folio and Quarto reading.

House of York, and links itself intimately to *2 Henry VI.*, and *3 Henry VI.* Noteworthy Marlowan characteristics are the following:—(*a*) Richard, like Tamberlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas, monopolises the whole action of the Drama; (*b*) the characters of this play of passion seem intended, for the most part, merely to set off the hero's "ideal villainy"; (*c*) the absence of evolution of character in the hero; (*d*) the hero's consciousness and avowal of his villainy; (*e*) the tone of the play is often lyrical or epical rather than dramatic (*e.g.*, the lamentation of the women, II. ii.; IV. i.); (*f*) blank verse is used throughout, while prose and the lyrical forms found in the earlier plays are conspicuously absent. The play of Richard III. was evidently Shakespeare's experiment—his only experiment—in the Marlowan method of tragedy, but in one respect, at least, Shakespeare shows himself no blind follower of Marlowe; he weaves Nemesis into the play and shows its consummation in Richard's fall, hence the significance of Margaret's fateful presence, haunting the scenes like some prophetic Chorus of ancient Drama.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes*, printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the 22nd Epigram, addressed *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare,* mention is made of *Romeo* and *Richard* as well-known characters, and the reference is evidently to *Richard III.*, and not to *Richard II.** Possibly, too, the wooing of Estrild in the old play of *Locrine* is imitated, as Mr. Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*) has suggested, from *Richard III.*, I. ii.; *Locrine* was first printed in 1595.

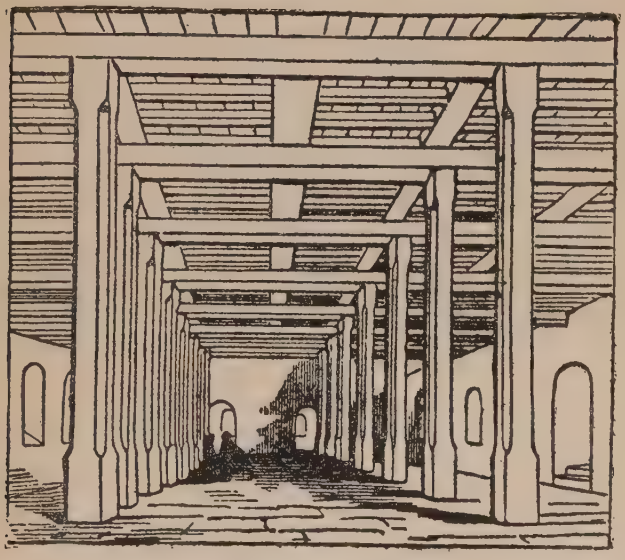
The Source of the Plot. Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard the Third,* incorporated by Hall & Holinshed in their histories, is the ultimate source of the play. Shakespeare evidently used the second edition of Holinshed, copying a mistake which occurs only in that edition. The

* "*Romeo, Richard; more, whose names I know not.*"

wooing of Queen Anne, as well as Queen Margaret's part, are, however, purely imaginary (*cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays,* II. 60-117).

Possibly Shakespeare borrowed a few hints from an earlier play written before 1588, and published in 1594, entitled—"*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.*"* To Dr. Legge's Latin play (acted at Cambridge before 1583) he certainly owed nothing.

There were several other plays on this subject, probably



Interior of the Great Council Room on the upper storey of the White Tower.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

* Reprinted by *Shakespeare Society,* 1844, from the only perfect copy extant.—*N.B.*—In the old play we find "*A horse, a horse, a fresh horse,*" also, Richard's reference to the ghosts of his victims "crying for revenge." The same Society printed *Richard's Vision,* a seventeenth century poem founded on Shakespeare's play, containing an interesting reference thereto.

one, wholly or in part, by Ben Jonson (*vide* Henslowe's *Diary*, 22nd June, 1602), called *Richard Crookback*, and another, now lost, perhaps more intimately connected with Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of *Richard III.*, as analysed by Mr. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society Trans.*, 1877-79), covers eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. The total *dramatic* time is probably within one month.

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii., iv.; Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iii. *Interval*; for the journey to Ludlow. *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 5, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 6, Act. III. Sc. ii.-vii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act. IV. Sc. ii.-v. *Interval*; Richard's march to Salisbury. *Day* 9, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval*; Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester. *Day* 10, Act V. Sc. ii., and first half of Sc. iii. *Day* 11, Act V., second half of Sc. iii., and Sc. iv., v.

The *historic* time is from about the date of Henry VI.'s obsequies, May 1471, to the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August, 1485.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, resolves to obtain the crown of England, notwithstanding the fact that he is not in the direct line of succession. He aims a secret blow against his brother Clarence, who is involved by him in a quarrel with their brother, King Edward IV., and immured in the Tower, where he is shortly afterwards murdered. Gloucester next seeks to strengthen his cause by suing for the hand of Lady Anne, which he wins in the very presence of the corpse of her father-in-law, Henry VI., dead at his hands, and despite the fact that her husband had also been slain by him.

II. King Edward, in declining health, seeks to foster peace in his realm. He dies, and his young son Edward, Prince of Wales, is summoned to London to be crowned. Before he arrives, Gloucester, who is made lord protector, finds means to weaken the prince by imprisoning and afterwards executing three noblemen of the latter's party.

III. Richard meets the prince and his younger brother in London, and under pretext of assigning them a lodging imprisons them in the Tower. Lord Hastings, a powerful nobleman, faithful to the royal line, is beheaded, also by Richard's orders. The Duke of Buckingham upholds Gloucester, and is largely instrumental in obtaining for him the coveted crown.

IV. Buckingham, however, hesitates when the new King Richard III. desires at his hands the lives of the two princes; and he is further disaffected by the king's

refusal to grant him a certain earldom previously promised as a reward for his support. He accordingly forsakes Richard and seeks to unite his strength with that of Henry, Earl of Richmond, who is taking up arms against the usurping monarch. Buckingham is taken prisoner and soon afterwards put to death. The two boy princes are assassinated in the Tower; and Queen Anne is secretly put to death in order to leave Richard free for an alliance with the heiress of York, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., for whose hand he sues to her mother.

V. In the meantime Richmond has invaded England and encounters Richard's forces at Bosworth Field in Leicestershire. The king, though disquieted on the preceding night by visions of his many slain victims, fights desperately; but his forces are defeated and he himself is slain by Richmond. The victor is recognized as King Henry VII., and by marriage with Elizabeth of York brings to a close the long contention between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Character of Richard.

The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the Concluding Part of *Henry the Sixth*, is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible when he declares—

> "I have no brother, I am like no brother:
> And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone."

From a delineation like this Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

The task, however, which Shakespeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

> "curtail'd of its fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

And yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicatory of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the Poet has contrived, through the medium of high mental endowments, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

> "frame his face to all occasions,"

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised

performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

Richard is the very personation of confidence in self-conduct and self-control, in his absolute command of every form of dissimulation, and still more difficult, of simulation. He is arrogant no less, on the strength of his superiority to any natural stirrings of love or pity, of terror or remorse. Like Iago he believes in the absolute sway of will-wielded intellect to subject and mould passion to its own determinations, while both are, unconsciously to themselves, overmastered and enslaved by a tyrannous passion that ever keeps out of their own sight as if lurking and shifting place behind them. Richard's true fall and punishment is his humiliation on his point of reliance and pride; he comes to require friends when friends fail in heart or in heartiness, he regrets affection, would fain be pitied, admits terror, and believes in the power of conscience if he endeavours to defy it. The involuntary forces of his being rise in insurrection against the oppression of the voluntary. His human nature vindicates the tendencies of humanity, when the organism which was strained to sustain itself on the principle of renunciation of sympathy falters and breaks down. The power of the strongest will has its limitations; mere defiance will not free the mind from superstition, and mere brutality cannot absolutely close up the welling springs of tenderness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Shakespeare Self-Projected in Richard.

Into this character Shakespeare transforms himself in imagination. It is the mark of the dramatic poet to be always able to get out of his own skin and into another's.

But in later times some of the greatest dramatists have shrunk shuddering from the out-and-out criminal, as being too remote from them. For example, Goethe. His wrong-doers are only weaklings, like Weislingen or Clavigo; even his Mephistopheles is not really evil. Shakespeare, on the other hand, made the effort to feel like Richard. How did he set about it? Exactly as we do when we strive to understand another personality; for example, Shakespeare himself. He imagines himself into him; that is to say, he projects his mind into the other's body and lives in it for the time being. The question the poet has to answer is always this: How should I feel and act if I were a prince, a woman, a conqueror, an outcast, and so forth?

Shakespeare takes, as his point of departure, the ignominy inflicted by Nature; Richard is one of Nature's victims. How can Shakespeare feel with him here—Shakespeare, to whom deformity of body was unknown, and who had been immoderately favoured by Nature? But he, too, had long endured humiliation, and had lived under mean conditions which afforded no scope either to his will or to his talents. Poverty is itself a deformity; and the condition of an actor was a blemish like a hump on his back. Thus he is in a position to enter with ease into the feelings of one of Nature's victims. He has simply to give free course to all the moods in his own mind which have been evoked by personal humiliation, and to let them ferment and run riot.

Next comes the consciousness of superiority in Richard, and the lust of power which springs from it. Shakespeare cannot have lacked the consciousness of his personal superiority, and, like every man of genius, he must have had the lust of power in his soul, at least as a rudimentary organ. Ambitious he must assuredly have been, though not after the fashion of the actors and dramatists of our day. Their mere jugglery passes for art, while his art was regarded by the great majority as mere jugglery. His artistic self-esteem received a check

in its growth; but none the less there was ambition behind the tenacity of purpose which in a few years raised him from a servitor in the theatre to a shareholder and director, and which led him to develop the greatest productive talent of his country, till he outshone all rivals in his calling, and won the appreciation of the leaders of fashion and taste.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Lady Anne.

For the very reason that the Poet has not given any individual characteristics to this woman, it seems as though he would say: Such is feminine human nature. It is quite evident that in his younger days he was not so much alive to the beauties of the womanly character as he became at a later period of his life. He is fond of drawing unamiable women like Adriana in *The Comedy of Errors*, violent and corrupt women like Tamora in *Titus Andronicus*, and Margaret in *Henry VI.*, or scolding women like Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Here he gives us a picture of peculiarly feminine weakness, and personifies in Richard his own contempt for it.

Exasperate a woman against you (he seems to say), do her all the evil you can think of, kill her husband, deprive her thereby of the succession to a crown, fill her to overflowing with hatred and execration—then if you can only cajole her into believing that in all you have done, crimes and everything, you have been actuated simply and solely by burning passion for her, by the hope of approaching her and winning her hand—why, then the game is yours, and sooner or later she will give in. Her vanity cannot hold out. If it is proof against ten measures of flattery, it will succumb to a hundred; and if even that is not enough, then pile on more. Every woman has a price at which her vanity is for sale; you have only to

dare greatly and bid high enough. So Shakespeare makes this crookbacked assassin accept Anne's insults without winking and retort upon them his declaration of love—he at once seems less hideous in her eyes from the fact that his crimes were committed for her sake. Shakespeare makes him hand her his drawn sword, to pierce him to the heart if she will; he is sure enough that she will do nothing of the sort. She cannot withstand the intense volition in his glance; he hypnotises her hatred; the exaltation with which his lust of power inspires him bewilders and overpowers her, and he becomes almost beautiful in her eyes when he bares his breast to her revenge. She yields to him under the influence of an attraction in which are mingled dizziness, terror, and perverted sensuality. His very hideousness becomes a stimulus the more.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Queen Margaret.

Although banished upon pain of death, she [Margaret] returns to England to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakespeare personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., she there breathes forth her hatred in presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth, meeting no obstacle, as she had entered. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once again, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the Tower by the order of Richard. She came, the first time, to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her

malediction. Like an avenging Fury, or the classical Fate, she has announced to each his doom.

MÉZIÈRES: *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques.*

VI.

Unique Among the Dramas.

Certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakspere characterize the play of *King Richard III.* Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakspere's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe. As in the plays of Marlowe, there is here one dominant figure distinguished by a few strongly marked and inordinately developed qualities. There is in the characterization no mystery, but much of a demonic intensity. Certain passages are entirely in the lyrical-dramatic style—an emotion which is one and the same, occupying, at the same moment, two or three of the personages, and obtaining utterance through them almost simultaneously, or in immediate succession; as a musical motive is interpreted by an orchestra, or taken up singly by successive instruments:—

Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs.

Mere verisimilitude in the play of *King Richard III.* becomes, at times, subordinate to effects of symphonic orchestration or of statuesque composition. There is a Blake-like terror and beauty in the scene in which the three women—queens and a duchess—seat themselves upon the ground in their desolation and despair and cry aloud in utter anguish of spirit. First by the mother of two kings, then by Edward's widow, last by the terrible Medusa-like Queen Margaret, the same attitude is as-

sumed and the same grief is poured forth. Misery has made them indifferent to all ceremony of queenship, and, for a time, to their private differences; they are seated, a rigid yet tumultuously passionate group, in the majesty of mere womanhood and supreme calamity. Readers acquainted with Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job will remember what effects, sublime and appalling, the artist produces by animating a group of figures with one common passion, which spontaneously produces in each individual the same extravagant movement of head and limbs.

The demonic intensity which distinguishes the play proceeds from the character of Richard as from its source and centre. As with the chief personages of Marlowe's plays, so Richard in this play rather occupies the imagination by audacity and force than insinuates himself through some subtle solvent, some magic and mystery of art. His character does not grow upon us; from the first it is complete. We are not curious to discover what Richard is, as we are curious to come into presence of the soul of Hamlet. We are in no doubt about Richard; but it yields us a strong sensation to observe him in various circumstances and situations; we are roused and animated by the presence of almost superhuman energy and power, even though that power and that energy be malign. . . .

He plays his part before his future wife, the Lady Anne, laying open his breast to the sword's point with a malicious confidence. He knows the measure of woman's frailty, and relies on the spiritual force of his audacity and dissimulation to subdue the weak hand which tries to lift the sword. With no friends to back his suit, with nothing but "the plain devil, and dissembling looks," he wins his bride. The hideous irony of such a courtship, the mockery it implies of human love, is enough to make a man "your only jigmaker," and sends Richard's blood dancing along his veins.

While Richard is plotting for the crown, Lord Has-

tings threatens to prove an obstacle in the way. What is to be done? Buckingham is dubious and tentative:—

> "Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
> Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?"

With sharp detonation, quickly begun and quickly over, Richard's answer is discharged, "Chop off his head, man!" There can be no beginning, middle, or end to a deed so simple and so summary. Presently, Hastings, making sundry small assignations for future days and weeks, goes, a murdered man, to the conference at the Tower. Richard, whose startling figure emerges from the background throughout the play with small regard for verisimilitude, and always at the most effective moment, is suddenly on the spot, just as Hastings is about to give his voice in the conference as though he were the representative of the absent Duke. Richard is prepared, when the opportune instant has arrived, to spring a mine under Hastings's feet. But meanwhile a matter of equal importance concerns him—my Lord of Ely's strawberries: the flavor of Holborn strawberries is exquisite, and the fruit must be sent for. Richard's desire to appear disengaged from sinister thought is less important to note than Richard's need of indulging a cynical contempt of human life. The explosion takes place; Hastings is seized; and the delicacies are reserved until the head of Richard's enemy is off. There is a wantonness of *diablerie* in this incident:—

> "Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor—
> Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul, I swear
> I will not dine until I see the same!"

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VII.

Want of Interaction.

There is, properly speaking, no interaction between Richard and the other persons of the drama. He is the

all-in-all of the play, the soul of everything that is done, the theme of everything that is said: there is scarce a thought, feeling, or purpose expressed, but what is either from him, or in some way concerning him, he being the author, the subject, or the occasion of it. And herein is this play chiefly distinguished from all the others, and, certainly, as a work of art, not distinguished for the better, that the entire action in all its parts and stages, so far at least as it has any human origin or purpose, both springs from the hero as its source, and determines in him as its end. So that the drama is not properly a composition of coöperative characters, mutually developing and developed; but the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which all the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electrical activity, disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers at the very moment of doing so. Observe, we say the other *persons*, not characters; for however much their forms meet the eye, their inward being is for the most part held in abeyance and kept from transpiring by the virtual ubiquity of the hero.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However successful and life-like, however many-sided and extraordinary a character may be, it cannot of itself constitute a dramatic work of art. Characterisation is but one particular function of dramatic poetry; it is very important, but still not the first and highest object. It stands in the same relation to the entire organism as a portrait to an historical painting. In the latter every figure ought to be a living portrait full of individual reality, but receives its true significance only from its position and from its relation to the other figures; accordingly, the *interaction* of the several parts among one another, and their *coöperation* in the action represented, gives the picture its historical character. It is precisely

the same with a dramatic composition, because it is so in real *life*. When viewed in this light *Richard III.* might seem open to censure. "I am myself alone" is his spell-word, and, like a sudden flash of light, reveals not only the character of Richard himself, but that of the whole drama. As in life so in the play, he in reality stands *alone*. All the other personages (chiefly women and children, or single subjects) are in no way his equals, and are powerless against the whole royal power which is on his side. The destructive force of his tyranny, the violence of his unmitigated selfishness and wickedness, accompanied as they are by intellect, wit, and eloquence, have no organic counterpoise. On the one side we have only power and energy, on the other only submission and impotence. The principle of interaction, which is so important in life and in history, retires far into the background; not till the fifth act is the tyrant opposed by a real and worthy adversary in the person of Richmond. Accordingly, the drama is wanting in drastic animation; the action (that which is actually done or which happens) proceeds but slowly compared with others of Shakspeare's plays.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Comparison.

If we compare the speeches [of Edmund in *Lear*, and of Iago in *Othello*] with Richard's, and in like manner if we compare the way in which Iago's plot is first sown, and springs up and gradually grows and ripens in his brain, with Richard's downright enunciation of his projected series of crimes from the first, we may discern the contrast between the youth and the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived upon earth, a contrast almost equally observable in the difference between the diction and metre of the two plays, and not unlike

that between a great river rushing along turbidly in Spring, bearing the freshly melted snows from Alpine mountains, with flakes of light scattered here and there over its surface, and the same river, when its waters have subsided into their autumnal tranquillity, and compose a vast mirror for the whole landscape around them, and for the sun and stars and sky and clouds overhead.

HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

IX.

Popularity of the Play.

Richard III. is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of *Hamlet*, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of these editions; while of *Richard III.*, between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two Folios, no less than eight separate editions, still preserved; and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. There are also more references and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those of the next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts, all refer to it as familiar to their readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted to the tastes of the times by Colley Cibber or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms Richard III. has been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crookback," who was identified in his day, in the public mind,

with the part, through the long succession of the monarchs of the English stage—Betterton, Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean—down to our own days. Yet, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama *Richard III.* bears no comparison with the Poet's greater tragedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be assigned to a much lower class than *Romeo and Juliet,* or *Othello*; than *Lear* or *Macbeth*; than *The Tempest* or *The Merchant of Venice.*

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

The Tragedy of
King Richard III.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,* } *sons to the King.*
RICHARD, *Duke of York,* }

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.,* } *brothers to the King.*

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*

The Tragedy of
KING RICHARD III.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,

To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glou. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. I 'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass.
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites: and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she 's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odds ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads: about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.
First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.
Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

[*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who 's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show him our commission; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let 's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly thou dost speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*
Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
First. Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence! [*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast, and cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him; not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

Duch. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York

Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.
Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glou. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glou. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.
Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.
Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower,

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*
Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I 'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*
Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.
Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Why, who 's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who 's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd';
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

Cate. My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king!

May and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: well 'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The king! why, who 's that?
Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the death of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand.
[*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last!
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.
Richard III., Act IV., Scene i.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Stanley.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset 's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.
Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear that news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*
Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service

With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes':
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord!

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!
Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward·
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongued-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:

It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.
[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither goor nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that, until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The camp near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night:
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this poor needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent! the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o' clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was!
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake! awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?
Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'
K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[*The clock striketh.*
Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*He sheweth him a paper.*

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I
hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen!

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abate, make dull, blunt; V. v. 35.

Abjects, "the most servile of subjects"; I. i. 106.

Abroach; "set a.," am the cause of; I. iii. 325.

Account, number, reckoning; V. iii. 11.

Account, count upon (used quibblingly); *'For they account his head upon the bridge,' i.e.* on Traitors' Gate at the Southwark end of London Bridge; III. ii. 72.

Traitors' Gate.
From Visscher's *View of London*, c. 1620.

Acquit, acquitted; V. v. 3.

Acquittance, acquit; III. vii. 233.

Adulterate, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.

Advance, raise; V. iii. 264.

Advantage, opportunity (Folios, "*vantage*"); III. v. 74.

Advantaging, increasing; IV. iv. 323.

Adventure, risk, hazard; I. iii. 116.

Adverse, opposing; IV. iv. 190.

Advertised, informed; IV. iv. 501.

Advised, "well a.," in sound senses, "not mad"; I. iii. 318.

Advised, "be a.," reflect, consider; II. i. 107.

Aery, brood of an eagle or hawk, a brood of nestlings; I. iii. 264.

Affected; "doth stand a.," is disposed; III. i. 171.

A-high, on high; IV. iv. 86.

Almost; "cannot almost," *i.e.* can hardly; II. iii. 39.

Amaze, affright; V. iii. 341.

Ambling, moving in an affected manner; I. i. 17.

Amity, friendship; I. iii. 281.

Ancient, old; III. i. 182.

Annoy, injury, harm; V. iii. 156.

Anointed, consecrated by unction; one of the ceremonials in the coronation of sovereigns; IV. i. 62.

Answer, answer for, be responsible for; IV. ii. 97.

Apparent, manifest; III. v. 30.
Arbitrement, decision; V. iii. 89.
Arch, wicked; IV. iii. 2.
As, that (Folios, "*that*"); III. iv. 40.
At once, in brief, without more ado; III. iv. 1.
Atonement, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.
Attainder, taint; III. v. 32.
Attorney; "by a.," by proxy; V. iii. 83.
Aweless, inspiring no awe (Quartos, "*lawlesse*"); II. iv. 52.

Baited at, harassed, worried; I. iii. 109.
Bar, debar, exclude; III. ii. 54.
Barbed, armed and harnessed for war; I. i. 10.
Basilisk, the fabulous creature supposed to kill by its look; *v.* "*cockatrice*"; I. ii. 151.
Battalion, army (Folios, "*Battalia*"; perhaps = Italian *battaglia,* battle); V. iii. 11.
Battle, army; V. iii. 88.
Baynard's Castle, the residence of Richard, Duke of York; on south bank of the Thames; III. v. 98.
Beads, rosary; III. vii. 93.
Beaver, helmet; V. iii. 50.
Beholding, beholden; II. i. 129.
Belike, perhaps, probably; I. i. 49.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. i. 100.
Betide, become; I. iii. 6.
Bettering, magnifying; IV. iv. 122.
Bid, bore; IV. iv. 304.
Bobb'd, drubbed, thumped; V. iii. 334.
Book, note-book; III. v. 27.
Boot, given into the bargain; IV. iv. 65.
Boot, "to b.," *i.e.* for our help; V. iii. 301.
Bootless, useless; III. iv. 104.
Bottled, bloated; I. iii. 242.
Bought and sold, deceived, betrayed; a proverbial phrase; V. iii. 305.
Braved, made brave, adorned; V. iii. 279.
Brecknock, Brecknock Castle in South Wales; IV. ii. 126.

Baynard's Castle.
From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall

Bridge, i.e. London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were placed; III. ii. 72. (*Cp. s.v.* '*Account.*')

Brief, quick, speedy; II. ii. 43.

Broken, broken up, done away with; II. ii. 117.

Brook'd, borne, endured; I. i. 125.

Bruising irons, destroying weapons; referring to the heavy iron maces used in battle; V. iii. 110.

Bulk, body; I. iv. 40.

Bunch-back'd, hunch-backed; I. iii. 246.

Burthen'd, burdensome; IV. iv. 111.

Bustle, stir, be active; I. i. 152.

But, only; I. iii. 194.

By, near, close at hand; IV. ii. 104.

Cacodemon, evil demon, evil spirit; I. iii. 144.

Caitiff, wretch; IV. iv. 100.

Capable, quick to apprehend, of good capacity; III. i. 155.

Caparison, put on the trappings, cover with a horse-cloth; V. iii. 289.

Careful, full of care; I. iii. 83.

Carnal, flesh-eating, blood-thirsty; IV. iv. 56.

Censures, opinions; II. ii. 144.

Chair, throne; IV. iv. 470.

Chamber, London was called the king's chamber soon after the Conquest; III. i. 1.

Characters, used quibblingly in double sense (1) written signs, (2) marked dispositions; III. i. 81.

Charge, command, post; V. iii. 25.

Charge; "given in c." commanded; I. i. 85.

Charges, expense; I. ii. 256.

Charity; "my charity," the charity shown to me; I iii. 277.

Cheerly, cheerfully; V. ii. 14.

Christian (trisyllabic); III. v. 26.

Circumstance, detailed argument; I. ii. 77.

Cited up, recounted; I. iv. 14.

Close, strictly confined; IV. ii. 54.

Close, secret; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 159.

Closure, enclosure; III. iii. 11.

Cloudy, having cloudy looks; II. ii. 112.

Cockatrice, a fabulous creature supposed to kill by its glance; (*v.* "*basilisk*"); IV. i. 55.

Cock-shut time, twilight ("*cock-shut*" = a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, generally set in the dusk of the evening); V. iii. 70.

Cog, deceive, cheat; I. iii. 48.

Competitors, confederates; IV. iv. 506.

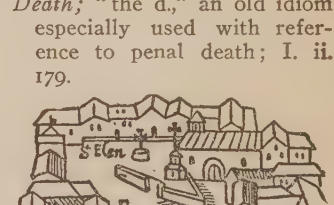
Complots, plots; III. i. 192.

Conceit, conception, idea; III. iv. 51.

Concluded, officially recorded; I. iii. 15.

Condition, disposition; IV. iv. 157.
Conduct, escort; I. i. 45.
Confirm'd; "thy age c.," thy riper years; IV. iv. 171.
Consequence, sequel; IV. iv. 6.
Considerate, observant; IV. ii. 30.
Consorted, joined, associated; III. iv. 73.
Content, pay, satisfy; III. ii. 113.
Contract, contracted; III. vii. 179.
Conversation, intercourse; III. v. 31.
Conveyance; "madest quick c.," quickly removed; IV. iv. 283.
Convict, convicted; I. iv. 192.
Corse, corpse, body; I. ii. 32.
Costard, a humorous expression for the head; properly, a kind of apple; I. iv. 159.
Counted, accounted; IV. i. 47.
Cousins, grandchildren; II. ii. 8; nephew; III. i. 2.
Covert'st, most secret; III. v. 33.
Cozen'd, cheated, deceived (with a play upon "*cousins*"); IV. iv. 222.
Crosby Place, the palace of Richard, when Duke of Gloster, still standing in Bishopsgate Street (Folios "*Crosby House*"); I. ii. 213.
Cross-row, alphabet; "so-called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm" (Nares); originally "*Christ-cross-row*"; corrupted into "*criss-row*"; then into "*cross-row*"; I. i. 55.
Crown, head; III. ii. 43.
Current, genuine; I. ii. 84.
Curst, shrewish; I. ii. 49.

Dally, trifle; II. i. 12.
Dangerous; "d. success," doubtful issue; IV. iv. 236.
Date, term, period of duration; IV. iv. 254.
Dear, extreme; I. iv. 215.
Dear, used in double sense (1) dearly loved, (2) intensely severe; II. ii. 77.
Death; "the d.," an old idiom especially used with reference to penal death; I. ii. 179.



Crosby Place.
From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Debase, lower, degrade (Folios, "*abase*"); I. ii. 247.
Declension, decline; III. vii. 189.

Decline, "run through from first to last, as in declining or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar" (Malone); IV. iv. 97.

Defend, forbid; III. vii. 173.

Defused, disordered, shapeless; "*defused* (Folios 3, 4, *diffus'd,* infection" suggested by "*divine perfection,*" I. 75); I. ii. 78.

Demise, grant, bequeath; (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*devise*"); IV. iv. 247.

Denier, the smallest coin; a tenth part of a penny; I. ii. 252.

Deny, refuse; V. iii. 343.

Descant, variations on a plain-song; III. vii. 49.

Descant, used probably in its technical sense, "to sing a part extempore upon a plain-song"; I. i. 27.

Descried, spied out, discovered; V. iii. 9.

Determined, resolved upon; I. iii. 15.

Determine of, decide upon; III. iv. 2.

Devoted, pious, holy; I. ii. 35.

Devotion, engrossing love; IV. i. 9.

Dickon, Dick; V. iii. 305.

Diet, mode of life; I. i. 139.

Direction; "of sound d.," skillful in military attacks; V. iii. 16.

Disgracious, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; ungracious; IV. iv. 177.

Dissemble, "d. not," do not gloss over; II. i. 8.

Dissembling, deceitful; I. i. 19.

Dissentious, seditious, breeding discord (Quarto 2, "*discentions*"); I. iii. 46.

Distain, stain, defile; V. iii. 322.

Distraught, distracted; III. v. 4.

Divided, separate; ("divided councils," *i.e.* "a private consultation, separate from the known and public councils"); III. i. 179.

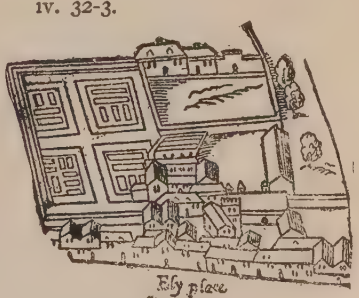
Dread, inspiring with reverence (all editions with exception of Quartos 1, 2 read "*deare*"); III. i. 97.

Effect, execution; I. ii. 120.

Egally, equally; III. vii. 213.

Elvish-mark'd, marked and disfigured by the fairies (Folios 1, 2, "*eluish mark'd*"; Folio 3, "*elvish mark'd*"); I. iii. 228.

Ely House, in Holborn; III. iv. 32-3.



From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Embassage, embassy, message; II. i. 3.
Embracements, embraces; II. i. 30.
Empery, empire; III. vii. 136.
Enacts, performs; V. iv. 2.
Endured of, endured by; IV. iv. 304.
Enforced, forced; III. v. 46.
Enforcement, compulsion; III. vii. 233.
Enfranchise, release; I. i. 110.
England (trisyllabic); IV. iv. 263.
Engross, make gross, pamper; III. vii. 76.
Ensuing, impending (Folios "*pursuing*"); II. iii. 43.
Entertain, employ; I. ii. 257.
Entreat, treat, use; IV. iv. 151.
Entreats, entreaties; ("*entreaties*"); III. vii. 225.
Envious, malicious; I. iii. 26.
Envy, hatred; IV. i. 100.
Erroneous, mistaken; I. iv. 194.
Excellent, supreme; IV. iv. 52.
Except, excepted; V. iii. 243.
Exclaims, exclamations, outcries; I. ii. 52.
Exercise, technically, an exposition of Scripture; performance of religious duties; III. ii. 112.
Exhales, draws forth; I. ii. 58.
Expedient, expeditious; I. ii. 217.
Expiate (*v.* note); III. iii. 23.
Extremity, extreme measure; I. i. 65.
Factious for, partisans of; I. iii. 128.
Fain, gladly; I. iv. 273.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 151.
Fairest-boding, prophesying success, of good omen; V. iii. 227.
Faithful; "f. man," *i.e.* a believer, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.
Fall, let fall; V. iii. 135.
False-boding, prophesying falsely; I. iii. 247.
Father-in-law, step-father; V. iii. 81.
Faultless, innocent; I. iii. 178.
Fear; "fear him," fear for him, are anxious about him; I. i. 137.
Fearful, filled with fear; IV. ii. 126.
——, full of fear; I. i. 11.
Feature, form, shape; I. i. 19.
Field, battle-field (Folios "*ground*"); V. iii. 15.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; I. iii. 256.
Flaky, "scattering like flakes"; V. iii. 86.
Fleeting, inconstant, fickle; I. iv. 55.
Flesh'd, hardened; IV. iii. 6.
Flourish, mere ornament, embellishment; I. iii. 241.
Flouted, scorned (Quartos, "*scorned*"); II. i. 78.
Foil, metal placed beneath a gem to set it off (Folios, "*soyle*"); V. iii. 250.
Fond, foolish (Folios, "*simple*"); III. ii. 26.

Foot-cloth horse, horse with a foot-cloth or housings; III. iv. 86.

For; "for hope," as regards hope; for want of hope (Theobald, "*for holpe*"; Steevens, "*forholpe*"; Hanmer, "*forsoke*"; Tyrwhitt, "*foredone*"); V. iii. 173.

——, because; I. i. 58.

Foreward, vanguard; V. iii. 293.

Forfeit; "the f. of my servant's life," the forfeited life of my servant; II. i. 99.

Formal, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.

Forswearing, perjury; I. iv. 201.

Forth of, away from; IV. iv. 176.

Foul, foully; III. ii. 44.

Frank'd up, cooped up in a frank or sty; I. iii. 314.

French nods, alluding to the affectation of French habits; I. iii. 49.

From, free from; III. v. 32; away from, IV. iv. 259; V. iii. 284.

Fulsome, nauseous; V. iii. 132.

Gain, gaining; III. ii. 47.

Gallant-springing, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 221.

Galled, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.

Garish, gaudy; IV. iv. 89.

Garland, crown; III. ii. 40.

Garter, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

Gentle; "g. villain," *i.e.* nobly born v.; an ironical expression; I. iii. 163.

George, the figure of St. George, which was part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

Good time of day, a common form of greeting; I. i. 122.

Graced, blessed; IV. iv. 174.

Gossips, lit. godmothers, hence, used contemptuously for people of influence, patrons; I. i. 83.

Gracious, full of grace; II. iv. 20.

Gramercy, many thanks; III. ii. 108.

Gratulate, congratulate; IV. i. 10.

Graven, engraved, carved (Folios, "branded"; IV. iv. 141.

Gross, stupid, dull; III. vi. 10.

Grossly, stupidly (Quarto 1, "*Grosselie*"; Quarto 2, "*Grosselie*"; the rest, "*Grosly*"); IV. i. 80.

Ground, plain-song; a musical term; III. vii. 49.

Guildhall; III. v. 73.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Gulls, dupes, fools; I. iii. 328.

Halberds, battle-axes fitted to long poles; I. ii.
Halt, limp; I. i. 23.
Handiwork, workmanship; IV. iv. 51.
Hap, fortune; I. ii. 17.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; IV. iv. 273.
Hatches, deck; I. iv. 13.
Haught, haughty; II. iii. 28.
Have done, be quiet, cease (Folios, "*Peace, peace*"); I. iii. 273.
Have with you, I 'll go with you; III. ii. 92.
Heap, throng, crowd; II. i. 53.
Hearkens after, listens to, takes notice of; I. i. 54.
Heavily, sad; II. iii. 40.
——, sadly, sorrowfully; I. iv. 1.
Heavy, grievous (Folios, "*greeuous*"); IV. iv. 187.
Helm, helmet; III. ii. 11.
Helpless, useless, unavailing; I. ii. 13.
Henry, trisyllabic; II. iii. 16.
High-reaching, ambitious, aspiring; IV. ii. 31.
High-swoln, exasperate, haughty; II. ii. 117.
His, its; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.
Holp, helped; I. ii. 107.
Honey, honeyed; IV. i. 80.
Hour (dissyllabic); IV. i. 83.
Hoday! heyday! IV. iv. 460.
Hull, lie to, drift with the tide; IV. iv. 438.
Humphrey hour (*v.* note); IV. iv. 175.

Idea, image; III. vii. 13.
Impatience (quadrisyllabic); IV. iv. 156.
Impeachments, accusations; II. ii. 22.
In, into; I. ii. 259; by, IV. i. 2.
Incapable, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.
Incensed, set on, incited; III. i. 152.
Inclusive, encircling; IV. i. 59.
Index, prelude; II. ii. 149; prologue; IV. iv. 85.
Induction, prologue, introduction; IV. iv. 5.
Inductions dangerous, "preparations for mischief; the induction is *preparatory to the action of the play*" (Johnson); I. i. 32.
Infer, allege; III. v. 75.
Innocency, innocence (Quarto 1, "*innocence*"); III. v. 20.
Instance, cause; III. ii. 25.
Intelligencer, agent; IV. iv. 71.
Intend, pretend; III. vii. 45.
Intending, pretending; III. v. 8.
Interior, inward; I. iii. 65.
Invocate, invoke; I. ii. 8.
Inward, intimate; III. iv. 8.
Iron-witted, insensible, dull; IV. ii. 28.
I wis, i-wis, certainly, truly; I. iii. 102.

Jack, mean, low-born fellow, a term of contempt, I. iii. 72, 73; '*Jack o' the clock,*' a figure which in old clocks struck the hours, IV. ii. 118.

From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Jet, to strut proudly, to encroach (Folios, "*jut*"); II. iv. 51.
Jot, a little, the least possible quantity; II. i. 70.
Jumpeth, accords; III. i. 11.
Just, as good as his word; I. i. 36.

Key-cold, extremely cold, used proverbially (Hanmer, "*clay-cold*"); I. ii. 5.

Labour, work for, effect; I. iv. 247.
Lackey, footboy, servant (used adjectivally); V. iii. 317.
Lag, late, tardily; II. i. 90.
Laid, cast (Folios, "*cast*"); I. iii. 327.
Lanced, pierced (Folios, "*lanch'd*"); IV. iv. 224.
Lap, wrap; II. i. 115.
Leisure, the shortness of time at disposal; V. iii. 97.
Lesson'd, taught; I. iv. 240.
Lethe, the waters of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.
Level, aim; IV. iv. 202.
Lewd, vile, base (Taylor conj. "*loud*"); I. iii. 61.
Libels, defamatory writings (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); I. i. 33.
Lie, i.e. lie in prison (used equivocally); I. i. 115.
Light-foot, light-footed, swift-footed; IV. iv. 440.
Lightly, commonly, generally; III. i. 94.
Like, same; IV. i. 9.
Likelihood, sign, indication (Folios, "*liuelyhood*"); III. iv. 57.
Likes, pleases; III. iv. 51.
Limit, appoint; V. iii. 25.
Listed, desired (Folios, "*lusted*"); III. v. 84.
Luxury, lust; III. v. 80.

Makest, dost (notice the play upon the word in I. 165, "*marr'd*"); I. iii. 164.
Malapert, saucy; I. iii. 255.
Malmsey-butt, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 156.
Map, picture; II. iv. 54
Mark, listen to; I. iii. 349.

Marry, a corruption of Mary; a slight oath; I. iii. 98.
Measures, stately dances; I. i. 8.
Mett'st, most fitting; III. v. 74.
Melancholy, (?) surly ("because he did not join heartily in his cause," Malone); V. iii. 68.
Mercy; "cry thee m.," beg pardon; I. iii. 235.
Mere, absolute; III. vii. 233.
Methoughts, methought, I thought (formed falsely on the analogy of "*methinks*"); I. iv. 9.
Mew'd up, imprisoned; I. i. 38.
Mid, middle; V. iii. 77.
Miscarry, die; I. iii. 16.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. ii. 89.
Model, plan; V. iii. 24.
Moe, more; IV. iv. 199.
Monuments, memorials; I. i. 6.
Moralize, interpret; III. i. 83.
Mortal-staring, "having a deadly stare, grim-looking"; V. iii. 90.
Muse, wonder (Folios, "*muse why*"; Quartos, "*wonder*"); I. iii. 305.

Needs, absolutely (only found in Quarto 1; Collier MS., "*e'en*"); III. i. 141.
Neglect, cause to be neglected; III. iv. 25.
Neighbour to, familiar with; IV. ii. 43.
New-deliver'd, newly released from prison; I. i. 121.
Nice, trifling, insignificant; III. vii. 175.
Niece, grand-daughter; IV. i. 1.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; I. iii. 82.
Nonage, minority; II. iii. 13.
Novice, youth; I. iv. 222.

Obsequiously, in manner of a mourner; I. ii. 3.
Occasion, opportunity; II. ii. 148.
Odds; "at o.," at variance, quarrelling; II. i. 70.
O'erworn, worn out; I. i. 81.
Of; "too late of," *i.e.* too late for; III. v. 69.
On, against, I. i. 131; "cried on victory," *i.e.* uttered the cry of victory; V. iii. 231.
One; "all's one for that," it does not matter; V. iii. 8.
Opposite, adversary; V. iv. 3.
Opposite with, hostile to; II. ii. 94.
Order; "take o.," take measures, make preparation; I. iv. 282; give orders, IV. ii. 53.
Ordered, arranged, drawn up; V. iii. 292.
Overgo, exceed; II. ii. 61.
Owls, whose cry was believed to portend death; IV. iv. 509.

Pack-horse, beast of burden, drudge; I. iii. 122.
Painted, counterfeit, unreal; I. iii. 241.
Parcell'd, divided among several; II. ii. 81.
Parlous, perilous, dangerous; a popular pronunciation (Quartos, "*perilous*"); II. iv. 35.

Part, depart, II. i. 5; divide, V. iii. 26.

Partake of, share, hear; I. i. 89.

Party, part, side; I. iii. 138; III. ii. 47.

Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 94.

Pattern, example; I. ii. 54.

Paul's, Old St. Paul's Cathedral, used as a place of general resort for the citizens; III. vi. 3.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 92.

Peevish, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.

Peevish-fond, childishly foolish (Folios, "*peevish found*"); IV. iv. 417.

Peise, poise, weigh down; V. iii. 105.

Pell-mell, with confused violence; V. iii. 312.

Pent up, shut up, imprisoned; IV. iii. 36.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 30.

Period, conclusion, finish, I. iii. 237; end, II. i. 44.

Pew-fellow, companion, associate (Quartos 1, 2, "*puefellow*"); IV. iv. 58.

Pill'd, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.

Piping; "p. time of peace," *i.e.* "when the pipe is sounding instead of the fife"; the pipe being a sign of peace, as the fife was of war; I. i. 24.

Pitch, the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; III. vii. 188.

Pitchers have ears, a proverbial expression probably having the force of "walls have ears"; according to some it is a short form of "little pitchers have large ears"; II. iv. 37.

Plagued, punished; I. iii. 181.

Plaints, complaints, moanings (Folios, "*woes*"); II. ii. 61.

Please it, may it please (Folios, "*Pleaseth*"); IV. iv. 488.

Pleasing, pleasure (?) will, command; I. i. 13.

Pluck on, incite, urge on; IV. ii. 65.

Post, hasten; III. ii. 17.

Power, army, armed force; IV. iii. 48.

Power; "utmost p.," highest number (Quartos, "*greatest number*"); V. iii. 10.

Precedent, rough draft; III. vi. 7.

Prefer, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.

Prepare, set in battle array; V. iii. 88.

Presently, immediately, at once; I. ii. 213.

Prime, first; IV. iii. 19.

Prime of manhood, early manhood; IV. iv. 170.

Process, order, manner, IV. iii. 32; story, IV. iv. 253.

Prodigious, monstrous; I. ii. 22.

Prolonged, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.

Promise, assure; II. iii. 2.

Proof, experience, II. iii. 43; "in p.," in armour that has been tested, V. iii. 219.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 255.
Puissance, power, force; V. iii. 299.
Punch, to pierce (*v.* note); V. iii. 125.

Quest, inquest, jury; I. iv. 183.
Quick, alive, I. ii. 65; lively, I. iii. 5; hearty, I. iii. 196.
Quit, requite, acquit, IV. iv. 20; requite (Quartos and Folios, "*quits*"; Pope, "*quit*"); V. iii. 262.

Rag, used contemptuously (Warburton, "*wrack*"); I. iii. 233.
Ragged, rugged, rough; IV. i. 102.
Raze, tear away violently (*v.* note), III. iv. 84; "razed," III. ii. 11.
Reason, talk; II. iii. 39.
Recomforture, comfort; IV. iv. 425.
Reduce, reconduct, bring back; II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.
Redoubted, redoubtable; IV. v. 11.
Re-edified, rebuilt; III. i. 71.
Remember'd; "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.
Remorse, tenderness; III. vii. 211.
Remorseful, compassionate; I. ii. 156.
Replenished, perfect, consummate; IV. iii. 18.
Resolve, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26.
Resolved, resolute (? "*stout-resolved*"); I. iii. 340.
Respect, regard, take notice of; I. iii. 296.
Respects, considerations; III. vii. 175.
Respite, "determined r. of my wrongs," *i.e.* the fixed time to which the punishment of my wrong-doings is respited; V. i. 19.
Restrain, withhold, keep for themselves; V. iii. 322.
Retail'd, retold, related; III. i. 77.
Reverend, reverent (Quarto 1, "*reuerente*"); IV. i. 31.
Right for right, "measure for measure"; IV. iv. 15.
Ripe, matured (Quarto 1, "*my ripe*"; Folios, "*the ripe*"; the rest, "*my right*"); III. vii. 158.
Rood, cross; "by the holy rood," an oath; III. ii. 77.
Rooting hog, an allusion to the white boar, the cognizance in Richard's armorial bearings; I. iii. 228. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rougemont, a castle in Exeter (Quartos, "*Ruge-mount*"); IV. ii. 108.

Round, surround; IV. i. 60.
Royal, "r. battle," *i.e.* a battle on which a kingdom depended; IV. iv. 538.
Royalise, make royal; I. iii. 125.
Runagate, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.

Sacrament; "receive the holy s.," take an oath; I. iv. 208.
Sanctuary, i.e. the s. at Westminster; II. iv. 66.
Scathe, injury, harm; I. iii. 317.
Scorn, mock, taunt; III. i. 153.
Scrivener, professional scribe; III. vi.
Scroll, letter, paper (Folios, "*note*"); V. iii. 41.
Seal, the great seal, held by the Lord Chancellor; II. iv. 71.
Seniory, seniority, priority; (Folio 1, "*signeurie*"); IV. iv. 36.
Sennet, set of notes played on a trumpet; III. i. 150.
Senseless-obstinate, unreasonably obstinate; III. i. 44.
Set, sunset; V. iii. 19
Several, separate; III. ii. 78; particular, respective; V. iii. 25.
Shall, "s. deal unadvisedly"; cannot help acting rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Shamefast, shame-faced (Folios, "*shame-fac'd*"); I. iv. 137.
Sharp-provided, quick and ready, keen; III. i. 132.
Shoulder'd in, pushed into, thrust into; III. vii. 128.
Shrewd, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.
Shrift, confession; III. iv. 97.
Shriving work, confession; III. ii. 116.
Sights, sight; IV. i. 25.
Silken, soft, effeminate; I. iii. 53.
Sir; "Sir John"; the title of priests; III. ii. 111.
Sirrah, a form of greeting to an inferior; III. ii. 98.
Sit, to sit in council; III. i. 173.
Slower, more serious; I. ii. 116.
Slug, the symbol of slowness; III. i. 22.
Smooth, flatter (Theobald conj. "*sooth*"); I. iii. 48.
Smoothing, flattering (Quartos 1-6, "*soothing*"); I. ii. 169.
So, well; IV. iv. 182.
Soft, hush; V. iii. 178.
Solace, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.
Sometime, once; IV. iv. 274.
Soothe, flatter; I. iii. 298.
Sop, anything steeped in liquor; properly the cake or wafer which floated at the top of a prepared drink; I. iv. 157.
Sort, set, pack; V. iii. 316.
Sort, make, find; II. ii. 148.
Spicery; "nest of s.," alluding to the phœnix which made a nest of spices as a funeral pyre, a new bird rising from its ashes; IV. iv. 424.
Spleen, malice, hatred; II. iv. 64; heat, impetuosity; V. iii. 350.

Squeak'd, shrieked; (Folios, "*shriek'd*"); I. iv. 54.
Stall'd, installed, invested; I. iii. 206.
Stands; "it st. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 59.
Startled, started (Folios, Quartos 7, 8, "*started*"); III. iv. 87.
Statuës (Quartos, Folios, "*statues*"; Steevens "*statuas*"); III. vii. 25.
Staves, the shafts of the lances; V. iii. 65.
Stealing, stealing on imperceptibly; III. vii. 168.
Still, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229.
Still, continually, always; I. iii. 222.
Still lasting, everlasting, perpetual; IV. iv. 344.
Stout, bold; ? "*stout-resolved*"; I. iii. 340; *v.* "*resolved.*"
Straitly, strictly; I. i. 85.
Strength, army, force; V. iii. 26.
Stroke; "keep'st the s.," keepest on striking; IV. ii. 118.
Struck; "well s. in years," advanced in age; I. i. 92.
Suborn, procure; IV. iii. 4.
Substitute, proxy; III. vii. 181.
Success, issue; IV. iv. 236.
Successively, in order of succession; III. vii. 135.
Sudden, quick; I. iii. 346.
Suddenly, quickly, at once; IV. ii. 20.
Suggestion, instigation; III. ii. 103.
Sunder, "in s.," asunder (Folios, "*asunder*"); IV. i. 34.
Suspects, suspicious; I. iii. 89.
Swelling, angry; II. i. 51.
Sword, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.

Tackling, rigging; IV. iv. 233.
Take him, strike him; I. iv. 154.
Tall, active, strong; I. iv. 152.
Tamworth, on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; V. ii. 13.
Tardy; "ta'an t.," caught lagging; IV. i. 52.
Tear-falling, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.
Teen, sorrow; IV. i. 97.
Tell, "t. the clock," *i.e.* count the strokes of the clock; V. iii. 276.
Tell o'er, re-count; IV. iv. 39.
Tempers, moulds, fashions; I. i. 65.
Tender, care for; II. iv. 72.
Tendering, having a care for; I. i. 44.
Tetchy, fretful; IV. iv. 168.
That, so that; I. ii. 163; if that, III. vii. 157.
Thin, thinly covered; II. i. 117.
Thought; "in t.," in silence; III. vi. 14.
Thrall, slave; IV. i. 46.
Tidings ("*this tidings,*" so Quartos 1-5, and Folio 1).
Timeless, untimely; I. ii. 117.
Timorour, full of fear; IV. i. 85.
To, as to; III. ii. 27.
Touch, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8; trait, dash; IV. iv. 157.

Toys, trifles, freaks of imagination; I. i. 60.
Troublous, turbulent, restless; II. iii. 5.
Truth, integrity; III. ii. 94.
Turn, return; IV. iv. 184.
Type, badge; IV. iv. 244.

Unadvisedly, rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Unavoided, not avoided, not shunned; IV. i. 56; unavoidable, IV. iv. 217.
Unblown, unopened (Folio 1, "*unblowed*"); IV. iv. 10.
Unhappiness, "evilness," (?) "disposition to mischief"; I. ii. 25.
Unlook'd, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.
Unmannerd, unmannerly (Quarto 8, "*Unmannerly*"); I. ii. 39.
Unmeritable, unmeriting, devoid of merit; III. vii. 155.
Unrespective, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.
Unsatiate, insatiate (Folios, "*insatiate*"); III. v. 87.
Unshapen, misshaped (Folios, "*mishapen*"); I. ii. 251.
Untainted, unaccused; III. vi. 9.
Unvalued, invaluable, intestimable; I. iv. 27.
Unviolable, inviolable (Folios, "*inuiolable*"); II. i. 27.
Upon, "deal u.," *i.e.* deal with; IV. ii. 75.

Vantage, advantage; I. iii. 310.
Vaunts, exults; V. iii. 288.
Venom, venomed, poisonous; I. iii. 291.
Venom'd, venomous; I. ii. 20.
Venture, adventures (Capell's emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*adventures*"); V. iii. 319.
Verge, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.
Vice, a common character in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.
Visitation, visit; III. vii. 107.
Vizard, mask (Folios "*Vizor*"); II. ii. 28.
Voice, vote; III. ii. 53.

Wagging, moving; III. v. 7.
Wail, bewail; II. ii. 11.
Want, lack; V. iii. 13.
Ward, guard, protect; V. iii. 254.
Warn, summon; I. iii. 39.
Watch, watch-light; V. iii. 63.

From Aggas's *Map of London,* preserved in Guildhall.

Watery; "w. moon," *i.e.* ruler of the tides; II. ii. 69.
Way, best course; I. i. 78.
Weigh, prize, regard; III. i. 121.
Welkin, sky; V. iii. 341.
Wheel'd, turned (Folios, "*whirl'd*"); IV. iv. 105.
Whether (monosyllabic; Folio 1, "*where*"); III. vii. 229.
While, "the w.," the present time; II. iii. 8.
Whit, jot; III. iv. 82.
White-Friars, a convent near Fleet Street; I. ii. 227.
White-liver'd, cowardly (the liver was regarded as the seat of courage); IV. iv. 465.
Windows, eyelids; V. iii. 116.
With, by; IV. iii. 47.
Withal, with; III. vii. 57.
Witty, sharp-witted, cunning; IV. ii. 42.
Wot, knows; II. iii. 18.
Wretched, hateful, abominable (Collier, "*reckless*"); V. ii. 7.
Wrongs, wrong-doings; V. i. 19.

Interior of the Bowyer's Tower, the traditional place of Clarence's drowning. From an engraving by Fairholt.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 2. *'Sun of York'*; probably an allusion to the device of a sun, the cognizance of Edward IV. Quartos, *'sonne'*; Folios, *'Son'*; Rowe, *'sun.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 15. *'to court an amorous looking-glass'*; Vaughan thought the line might be improved by a slight emendation:—*'an amorous looking lass'* (!).

I. i. 26. *'spy'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'see.'*

I. i. 61. *'have'*; so Quartos and Folios 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'hath.'*

From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

I. i. 65. '*That tempers him to this extremity*'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-8 read, '*That tempts him*,' etc. (Quarto 3, '*temps*'); Folios read, '*That tempts him to this harsh extremity*'; Anon. conj. '*That tempts him now to this extremity.*'

I. i. 75. '*was to her for his*'; so Quartos; Folio 1, '*was, for her*'; Folios 2, 3, '*was, for his.*'

I. i. 132. '*eagle*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Eagles.*'

I. i. 133. '*prey*'; so Quartos; *Folios*, '*play.*'

I. i. 138. '*by Saint Paul*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*by S. Iohn*,' a favourite oath of Richard's.

I. ii. 8. '*be it*,' monosyllabic.

I. ii. 14. '*Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes*'; Quartos, '*Curst*'; Folios, '*O Curst*'; Quartos 1, 2, '*these fatal*'; Quartos 3-8, '*the fatall*'; Folios, '*these.*'

I. ii. 16, 25. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 19. '*to adders, spiders*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*to wolves, to spiders.*'

I. ii. 60, 61. '*Thy deed . . . Provokes*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Deeds . . . Prouokes*'; Folio 4, '*deed . . . Prouoke.*'

I. ii. 76. '*evils*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*crimes.*'

I. ii. 89. '*Why, then they are not dead*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Then say they were not slaine.*'

I. ii. 127. '*These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck*'; Quartos, '*never*'; Folios read, '*not*'; Quartos, '*sweet*'; Folios 1, 2, '*yt*'; Folios 3, 4, '*that*'; '*wreck,*' Theobald's emendation of '*wreck*' of Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 135. '*you*'; Folios, '*thee.*'

I. ii. 147. '*Never hung poison on a fouler toad*'; alluding to the old belief that toads were venomous.

I. ii. 156, 167. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 180. '*for I did kill King Henry*'; Quartos read, '*twas I that kild your husband.*'

I. ii. 182. ''*twas I that stabb'd young Edward*'; Quartos read, ''*twas I that kild King Henry.*'

I. ii. 186. '*the*'; Folios, '*thy.*'

I. ii. 203. Omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 207. '*devoted suppliant*'; so Quarto 1; Folios read, '*deuoted seruant*'; the rest, '*suppliant.*'

I. ii. 211. '*would*,' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*may*'; '*thee*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*you.*'

I. ii. 212. *'more'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'most.'*
I. ii. 226. *'Sirs, take up the corse'*; omitted in Folios.
I. ii. 228, 229:—

> *'Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?*
> *Was ever woman in this humour won?'*
> *cp. 'She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*
> *She is a woman, therefore may be won.'*
> *Titus And.*, II. i. 82, 83.
>
> *"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;*
> *She is a woman, therefore to be won."*
> 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78.

I. ii. 236. *'nothing'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'no Friends.'*
I. iii. 5. *'words'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'eyes.'*
I. iii. 7. *'harm'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'harmes.'*
I. iii. 17. *'Here come the lords'*; so Quartos 1, 2; Quartos 3-8, *'Here comes the Lords'*; Folios, *'Here comes the Lord'*; Theobald altered *'Derby'* to *'Stanley,'* as Thomas, Lord Stanley, was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII.
I. iii. 36. *'Madam, we did'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'I (i.e. Aye) Madam'*; Quartos, *'Madame we did.'*
I. iii. 43. *'who are they that complain'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'who is it that complaines.'*
I. iii. 58. *'person'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Grace.'*
I. iii. 67. *'kindred'*; so Quartos 1, 6, 7, 8; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 5 read, *'kinred'*; Folios, *'children.'*
I. iii. 68, 69. *'Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it,'* the reading of Quartos 1-6. (Quarto 6, *'grounds'*); Folios read, *'Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground'*? Pope, *'Makes him to send that he may learn the ground Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it'*; Capell, *'Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it,'* etc.
I. iii. 77. *'we'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'I.'*
I. iii. 80. *'whilst many fair promotions'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'while great promotions'*; (evidently to be read as a quadrisyllable).
I. iii. 90. *'cause'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'meane.'*
I. iii. 106. *'With those gross taunts I often have endured'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'Of those . . . that oft I have e.'.*
I. iii. 109. *'thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.'*

I. iii. 114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 116. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 130. '*Margaret's battle at St. Alban's,*' *i.e.* the second battle of St. Albans, Feb. 17, 1461.

I. iii. 161. '*I being queen*'; so the Quartos; Folios read, '*I am queen.*'

I. iii. 167-169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 219. '*them,*' *i.e.* heaven, used in plural sense.

I. iiii. 287. '*I'll not believe*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*I will not thinke.*'

I. iii. 321. '*And for your grace; and you, my noble lords*'; Folios, '*And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.*'

I. iii. 337. '*old odd ends stolen out*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*odde old ends stolen forth.*'

I. iii. 354. '*Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears,*' a proverbial expression; '*drop tears*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*fall Teares.*'

I. iv. 3. '*So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights.*'

I. iv. 9, 10. '*Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy.*'

I. iv. 25. '*ten thousand*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*a thousand.*'

I. iv. 28. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 36, 37. '*and often . . . ghost*'; omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 38. '*kept in*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Stop'd.*'

I. iv. 45. '*who*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*I*'; '*flood,*' river ('*melancholy flood,*' *i.e.* the river Styx).

I. iv. 46. '*grim ferryman*'; *i.e.* Charon; so Quartos; Folios, '*sowre f.*'

I. iv. 57. '*to your torments*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*unto Torment.*'

I. iv. 59. '*environ'd me about*'; so Quartos; Folios omit '*about.*'

I. iv. 65. '*I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it*'; so the Quartos; Folios read, '*I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.*'

I. iv. 66. '*O Brakenbury*'; Quartos read, '*O Brokenbury*'; Folios, '*Ah Keeper, Keeper!*'; '*those,*' so Quartos; Folios, '*these.*'

I. iv. 69-72. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 72. '*My guiltless wife*'; Clarence's wife died before this date.

I. iv. 73. *'I pray thee, gentle Keeper, stay by me'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while.'*

I. iv. 85. *'In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'What would'st thou, Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?'*

I. iv. 95. *'Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.'*

I. iv. 104. *'till the judgement-day'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'untill the great judgement-day.'*

I. iv. 113-114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 118. *'my holy humour'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'this passionate humor of mine.'*

I. iv. 133. *'it . . . thing'*; omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 153. *'shall we to this gear?'* so Quartos; Folios read, *'shall we fall to worke.'*

I. iv. 155. *'we will chop him in'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'throw him into.'*

I. iv. 169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 180. *'call'd forth from out'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'drawne forth among.'*

I. iv. 188. *'to have redemption'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'for any goodness.'*

I. iv. 189. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 216. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 249. *'this world's'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'this earth's.'*

I. iv. 258-267. *'Relent! 'tis,'* etc.; Folios, *'Relent? no: 'Tis,'* etc.; the text is due to a blending of the readings of Quartos and Folios, first suggested by Tyrwhitt (*vide* Note vii., Camb. ed.).

I. iv. 273. *'like Pilate'*; *cp.* Matthew xxvii. 24.

I. iv. 274. *'grievous guilty murder done'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'grievous murther.'*

I. iv. 282. *'Until the duke take'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Till that the Duke give.'*

II. i. 5. *'now in peace'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'more to peace.'*

II. i. 7. *'Rivers and Hastings'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'Dorset and Rivers.'*

II. i. 33. *'On you or yours'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'Vpon your Grace.'*

II. i. 40. *'zeal'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'loue.'*

II. i. 44. *'perfect'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'blessed.'*

II. i. 45. '*And, in good time, here comes the noble duke*'; so Quartos: Folios read. '*And in good time. Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.*'

II. i. 56. '*unwittingly*': so Quartos; Folios read. '*unwillingly.*'

II. i. 60. '*Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you*': so Quartos 1-4; Folios read. '*Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset.*'

II. i. 67. '*have frown'd on me*': the reading of Quartos; Folios read. '*have frown'd on me, Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you.*'

II. i. 69-72. Quoted by Milton in *Iconoclastes* by way of illustrating his statement that "the poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never nine pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant."

II. i. 98. '*Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st*': '*speak.*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*say*'; '*demandest.*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*requests.*'

II. i. 103. '*that tongue*': so Folios; Quartos read. '*the same.*'

II. i. 104. '*slew*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*kill'd.*'

II. i. 105. '*cruel*'; Quartos; Folios, '*bitter.*'

II. i. 110. '*his own garments*': Quartos 0, 3, 8. '*his owne armes*': Folios. '*his Garments*': '*gave.*' so Quartos: Folios, '*did give.*'

II. ii. 11. '*sorrow to wail*': so Folios; Quartos read. '*labour to weepe for.*'

II. i. 15. '*daily*': so Quartos; Folios. '*earnest*': Pope. '*daily earnest,*' omittting '*all to that effect.*'

II. ii. 16. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 40. '*perpetual rest*': so Quartos; Folios read. '*nere-changing night*'; Collier MS., '*nere-changing light.*'

II. ii. 84-85. '*So do I: I for an Edward weep*': omitted in Folios.

II. ii. ll. 80-100, 123-140, omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 101. '*Madam*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Sister.*'

II. ii. 144. '*weighty*': reading of Quartos: Folios omit it.

II. iii. 4. '*Seldom comes the better*': a proverbial expression: found in Ray's *Proverbs.*

II. iii. 11. '*Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child*': *cp.* Ecclesiastes x. 16.

II. iii. 28. '*sons and brothers haught*': so Folios: Quartos, '*kindred haughty*'; Capell conj., '*kindred haughty are.*'

II. iv. 20. '*if this rule were true*': so the Cambridge Editors;

Quartos 1, 2, '*if this were a true rule*'; Quartos 3-8, '*if this were a rule*'; Folios, '*if his rule were true.*'

II. iv. 62, 63. '*blood against blood, Self,*' etc.; so Quartos; Folios, '*Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe,*' etc.

II. iv. 67. '*Madam, farewell*'; omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 82. '*formal vice, Iniquity*'; Hanmer reads, '*formal wise antiquary*'; Warburton, '*formal-wise antiquity*'; '*Iniquity*' was no uncommon name of the formal (*i.e.* conventional) comic character, the *Vice*, of the Morality plays (*cp. e.g.* '*The Nice Wanton*').

III. i. 110, 111; observe this instance of dramatic irony.

III. i. 172, 173, omitted in Quartos.

III. i. 176. '*icy-cold*'; Ingleby's conj.; Quartos and Folios read, '*icie, cold.*'

III. i. 193. '*Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*Chop off his Head: something wee will determine.*'

III. ii. 11. '*razed*'; Quartos 1-4, '*raste*'; Quarto 5, '*caste*'; Folios 1, 2, '*rased off*'; Folios 3, 4, '*raised off.*' Quoted in Nares '*rashed.*' To *rase* or *rash* seems to have been an old hunting term used specially for the violence of the boar.

III. ii. 55. '*I will not do it, to the death*'; *i.e.* though death be the consequence.

III. ii. 108. '*fellow*'; Quartos read, '*Hastings.*'

III. iii. 7, 8. Omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 15. After this line Folios insert:—'*When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I*'; omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 23. '*Make haste; the hour of death is expiate*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2-4, '*is now expired*' (*cp. supra* l. 8): *expiate* = ended, terminated; Quartos read, '*Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your lives is out*'; Steevens, '*expirate.*'

III. iv. 1. '*My lords, at once*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Now, Noble Peers.*'

III. iv. 10. '*Who, I, my lord,*' etc., so Quartos; the Folio:—

> '*We know each other's Face; for our Hearts*
> *He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,*
> *Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine.*'

III. iv. 77. '*Tellest thou me of "ifs"*' so Quartos; Folios, '*Talk'st thou to me of "ifs."*'

III. iv. 84. '*raze his helm*'; Quartos read, '*race his helme*'; Folios 1, 2, '*rowse our Helmes*'; Folios 3, 4, '*rowze our Helmes*'; Rowe, '*rase our helms*'; *cp. supra* III. ii. 11.

III. iv. 85. *'But I disdain'd, and did scorn to fly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And I did scorn it, and disdaine to flye.'*

III. iv. 98. *'grace of mortal'*: so Folios; Quartos, *'state of worldly.'*

III. iv. 104-107. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 5. *'Tut, I can'*: so Folios; Quartos, *'Tut feare not me, I can.'*

III. v. 7. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 10-21. The first Quarto differs in many points from this, the reading of the Folios, especially in making Catesby enter with Hastings' head, though previously Gloster has ordered him 'to overlook the walls.' A similar discrepancy occurs in Scene 4, ll. 80, 81.

III. v. 52. Gloucester's speech given to 'Buckingham' in Folios.

III. v. 70, 71. *'Yet witness . . . farewell'*: so Folios: Quartos read, *'Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.'*

III. v. 97. *'and . . . adieu'*: 103-105. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 101-102. *'I go . . . affords'*: so Folios: Quartos read *'About three or four a clocke looke to heare What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.'*

III. vi. 12. *'blind'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'bold.'*

III. vii. 24. *'they spake not a word,'* omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 25. *'breathing stones,' i.e.* they were able to breathe, but without the power of speech; later Quartos, *'breathlesse s.'*

III. vii. ll. 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 220. Omitted in Folios, where the previous line reads, *'Come, citiizens, we will entreat no more.'*

III. vii. 240. *'Richard, England's royal king'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'King Richard, England's worthie king.'*

IV. i. 7. *'As much to you, good sister! Whither away?'* the reading of Folios: Quartos, which omit ll. 2-6, read, *'Sister, well met, whether awaie so fast?'*

IV. i. 14. *'How doth the prince, and my young son of York?'* so Folios; Quartos read, *'How fares the Prince?'*

IV. i. 15. *'Right well, dear Madam. By your patience'*: the reading of Folios: Quartos read, *'Well, Madam, and in health, but by your leave.'*

IV. i. 18. *'why who's that?'* the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'who's that?'*

IV. i. 25. *'Then bring me to their sights'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Then feare not thou.'*

IV. i. 51. *'To meet you on the way, and welcome you'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'In your behalfe, to meet you on the way.'*

IV. i. 61. *'red-hot steel'*; Steevens says, 'She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz., by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.'

IV. i. 66. *'Why?'*; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. i. 76-77. *'As miserable by the death of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'More miserable by the life of thee, Then'* etc.; *cp.* I. ii. 27.

IV. i. 96. *'Eighty odd years'*; the Duchess was actually only sixty-eight at this time.

IV. i. 98-104. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. ii. 16. *'That Edward still should live true noble prince'*; so Quartos and Folios; Theobald, *'That Edward still should live, True noble Prince.'*

IV. ii. 46-53. In the lines the Cambridge text follows substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to the Folios, where the passage is carelessly printed.

IV. ii. 56. *'The boy is foolish'*; *i.e.* Edward Plantagenet, who had been kept imprisoned in the Tower almost from his tenderest years.

IV. ii. 102-119. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 5. *'this ruthless piece of butchery'*; so Quartos 1, 2; Quarto 3, *'thir ruthfull . . . ,'* etc.; Quartos 4-8, *'this ruthfull . . . ,'* etc.; Folios, *'This peece of ruthfull Butchery.'*

IV. iii. 11. *'innocent alabaster'*; so Quarto 8; Quartos 1-7, *'innocent alablaster'*; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, *'Alablaster innocent'*; Folio 4, *'Alabaster innocent.'*

IV. iii. 40. *'the Breton Richmond'*; "after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne" (Malone).

IV. iv. 17-19, placed after line 34 in Folios.

IV. iv. 20, 21, 28. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 41. *'Harry'*; Quartos, *'Richard'*; Folios, *'Husband.'*.

IV. iv. 52-53. Omitted in Quartos; transposed in Folios.

IV. iv. 72. *'their,' i.e.,* hell's; *cp.* the use of 'heaven,' I. iii. 219.

IV. iv. 88-90. The reading of the Quartos is followed in these lines in preference to that of the Folios:—

'A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagg,
To be the aymne of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a Breath, a Bubble.'

IV. iv. 102-104 transposed; line 103 omitted in Quartos. Folios *'she'* for *'one.'*

IV. iv. 175. *'Humphrey Hour'*; perhaps a mere personification, as it were, of some particular Hour, formed on the analogy of such phrases as *'Tom Trott,'* etc. According to some, there is an allusion to the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.'

IV. iv. 179-182. *'I prithee . . . So.'*; so Folios; Quartos read, 'Du. *O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee more.* King. *Come, come, you are too bitter.*"

IV. iv. 221-234. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 235-236. *'my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars'*; so Folios; Quartos, read, *'my dangerous attempt of hostile armes.'*

IV. iv. 275, 276. *'steep'd in Rutland's blood,—A handkerchief'*; so Folios; Quartos, read, *'a handkercher steept in Rutlands bloud.'*

IV. iv. 276-277, 288-342. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 324. *'Of ten times'*; Theobald's correction of Folios, *'Oftentimes.'*

IV. iv. 387. *'What canst thou swear by now?'* omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 511-516. So the Folios; the Quartos differ materially in the phraseology of the lines.

V. ii. 17. *'Every man's conscience is a thousand swords'*; Folios, *'men'* for *'swords'*; the words paraphrase *'Conscientia nulle testes.'*

V. iii. 2. *'My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?'*; so the Folios; Quarto 1 reads, *'Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad?'* the other Quartos, *'Whie . . . so sad?'*

V. iii. 22. *'Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd.'*

V. iii. 23-26. In Quartos these lines are inserted between ll. 43 and 44, and ll. 27, 28, 43 are omitted.

V. iii. 40. *'Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him.'*

V. iii. 95. *'tender George'*; George Stanley was at this time already married, tho' Shakespeare, following Hall and Holinshed, makes him a child.

V. iii. 125. *'By thee was punched full of deadly holes'*; this has been described as one of the worst lines in all Shakespeare,

but this is due to the fact that critics have confused (i.) 'punch,' the technical word for making use of the *puncheon*, a shoemaker's tool for making holes (Fr. *poinson*, a bodkin, L. *punctionem*), with (ii.) *punch*, to beat, which is a distinct word, and is merely an abbreviation of *punish*.

V. iii. 143. *'Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!'*; Capell reads, '*hurtless lance*'; Collier MS., '*pointless lance*'; but no change is necessary; the line is probably intentionally abrupt, *cp.* 148.

V. iii. 152. *'lead'*; so Quarto 1; all others eds., *'laid.'*

V. iii. 162-163. These lines are Lettsom's conjecture, the true lines being lost.

V. iii. 173. *'I died for hope'*; *i.e.*, 'for want of hope,' *cp.* '*dead for hope*' (Greene's *James IV., V., VI.*) = 'dead to hope.' Various unnecessary emendations have been proposed (*v.* Glossary).

V. iii. 180. *'the lights burn blue,'* alluding to the old superstitious belief that when a spirit was present the lights burnt blue.

V. iii. 204-206. '*Methought . . . Richard*'; Johnson proposed to place these lines after line 192.

V. iii. 212-214. 'KING RICH. *O Ratcliff . . . my lord,'* omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 221. *'eaves-dropper,'* so Folio 4; Quarto 1, '*ease dropper*'; Quarto 2, '*ewse dropper*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Ease-dropper.*'

V. iii. 317. '*Bretons*'; Capell's emendation; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 5, '*Brittains*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Britains*'; Pope, '*Britons.*'

V. iii. 322. '*restrain*'; so Quartos and Folios. Warburton proposed '*distrain*' and this reading has been adopted by several modern editors.

V. iii. 324. *'Mother's cost,'* should be '*brother's cost*'; the error —a mere printer's error—was due to the 2d edition of Holinshed; *cp.* Hall, '*brought up by my brother's* (*i.e.*, Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy) *meanes and mine.*'

V. iii. 345. '*the enemy is past the marsh*'; "There was a large marsh in Bosworth plaine between the two armies, which Richard passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when the bows and arrows were in use" (Malone).

V. v. 9. *'But tell me, is young George Stanley living?'*; so Folios and Quartos. Pope, '*tell me first*'; Keightley, '*tell me, pray,*' etc. There is no need to emend; '*George*' is evidently dissyllabic.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *To the lascivious pleasing of a lute*:—A passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, runs thus: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?"

56, 57. *a wizard told him*, etc.:—This is founded on the following passage in Holinshed: "Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G. Wherewith the king and queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a greevous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end. And as the divell is woont to incumber the minds of men which delite in such divelish fantasies, they said afterward, that that prophesie lost none of his effect, when, after king Edward, Gloucester usurped his kingdome."

158. *secret close intent*:—Probably to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of Lady Anne, their aunt, and had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great Earl of Warwick.

Scene II.

33. *Stay, you that bear the corse*:—Brandes says: "It is while Anne is accompanying the bier of the murdered Henry VI. that the murderer confronts her, stops the funeral procession with drawn sword, calmly endures all the outbursts of hatred, loathing, and contempt with which Anne overwhelms him, and, having shaken off her invectives like water from a duck's back, advances his suit, plays his comedy of love, and there and then so turns the current of her will that she allows him to hope, and even accepts his ring. The scene is historically impossible, since Queen Margaret took Anne with her in her flight after the battle of Tewksbury, and Clarence kept her in concealment until two years after the death of Henry VI., when Richard discovered her in London. It has, moreover, something astonishing, or rather bewildering, about it at the first reading, appearing as though written for a wager, or to outdo some predecessor. Nevertheless it is by no means unnatural. What may with justice be objected to it is that it is unprepared. The mistake is, that we are first introduced to Anne in the scene itself, and consequently form no judgement as to whether her action does or does not accord with her character. The art of dramatic writing consists almost entirely in preparing for what is to come, and then, in spite of, nay, in virtue of the preparation, taking the audience by surprise. Surprise without preparation loses half its effect. But this is only a technical flaw which so great a master would in riper years have remedied with ease. The essential feature of the scene is its tremendous daring and strength, or, psychologically speaking, the depth of early-developed contempt for womankind into which it affords us a glimpse."

55, 56. *dead Henry's wounds,* etc.:—This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral: "The dead corps was conveied from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced: the same in presence of the beholders *did bleed.* From thense he was caried to the Blackfriers, and *bled there* likewise." It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer. Sir Kenelm Digby had so much faith in this, that he undertook to account for it. The matter is thus referred to by Drayton:—

"If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed."

The lovers of romance will not be apt to forget the means used for detecting the murderer of Oliver Proudfute, in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*

242. *at Tewksbury*:—This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second Act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next Act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding Scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined till February, 1478, nearly seven years afterwards.

Scene III.

16. [*Enter Buckingham.*] Henry Stafford, this Duke of Buckingham, was descended, on his father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, the fifth son of Edward III. His mother was Margaret, daughter to Edmund Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset, who fell in the first battle of St. Albans. So that on his mother's side Buckingham was descended from John of Ghent, third son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and as unprincipled as he was nobly descended.

20. *The Countess Richmond*:—The Countess of Richmond was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor, by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Earl of Derby of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII., was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.

167. *banished*:—Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her

father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction here is a dramatic fiction.

228. *Thou elvish-mark'd,* etc.:—It was an old prejudice, which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by mischievous or malignant *elves.* She calls him *hog,* in allusion to his cognizance, which was a *boar.* "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens, intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme of Collingbourne, as given in Heywood's *Edward IV.,* will illustrate this:—

> "The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
> Doe rule all England under a *hog.*
> The crooke backt boore the way hath found
> To root our roses from our ground,
> Both flower and bud will be confound,
> Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
> And then the dog, the cat, and rat
> Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Scene IV.

10. Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477.

80, 81. They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

284. The Duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the Parliament, convicted, and sentenced to death. This was in February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first Act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The manner of Clarence's death has never been ascertained. It was generally attributed to the machinations of Richard. This suspicion is referred to by Holinshed, Sir Thomas More, and other writers of their time. There was a fierce grudge between the dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick estates.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

69-72. *I do not know . . . humility,* etc.:—In his *Eikonoklastes,* Milton refers to this passage: "The poets, and some English have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard." Milton here quotes the lines above indicated, and adds: "Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the Poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion."

102 *et seq.* "This lamentation," says Johnson, "is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others." For this speech the Poet had the following hint in Holinshed: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution; insomuch that, when anie person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie saie—'Oh, infortunate brother! for whose life not one would make sute!'"

Scene II.

[*Enter the Duchess of York.*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

121. *Ludlow*:—Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of the Earl of Rivers, his uncle

by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches and by his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild and unruly.

Scene III.

12-15. *In him . . . govern well*:—We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his non-age, and of himself in his riper years.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Cardinal Bourchier.*] Thomas Bourchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

56. *sanctuary children*:—This argument is from Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.*: "Verilie *I have often heard of sanctuarie men, but I never heard erste of sanctuarie children.* But he can be no sanctuarie manne, that neither hath wisedom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose life or libertie can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one out of sanctuarie to doo him good, I saye plainlie that he breaketh no sanctuarie."

79. *So wise so young*, etc.:—"I have knowne children languishing of the splene," says Bright, in his *Treatise on Melancholy* (1586), "obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdome surpassing those tender years, and their judgements carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.*"

82. *the formal vice, Iniquity*:—The part of the vice or jester of the old morality plays appears to have been on all occasions much the same, consisting in a given round or *set form* of action; for which cause, probably, the epithet *formal* is here applied to him. The following is Gifford's description of him: "He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office—to instigate the hero of the piece

to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage, by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender." In Ben Jonson's play, *The Devil is an Ass*, we have among the characters, *Satan, the great Devil*; *Pug, the less Devil*; *Iniquity, the Vice*.

130, 131. York alludes to the hump on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens: So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, 1576: "Thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's ape."

Scene II.

33. *the boar*:—Meaning, of course, Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.

Scene III.

5. *God keep the prince*:—"Queen Elizabeth Grey," says Walpole, "is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."

Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . the Bishop of Ely.*] Dr. John Morton was elected to the See of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the See of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry, Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal

agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.

5. *wants but nomination*:—The only thing wanting is the naming of the time or the appointment of a day for the ceremony.

33-35. *When I was last*, etc.:—This easy affability and smoothness of humour when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most decisive strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related by More: "These lords so sitting togither communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteouslie, and excusing himselfe that had been from them so long, saieing merilie that he had beene a sleeper that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the Bishop of Elie—My lord, you have verie good strawberies at your garden in Holborne; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that! And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberies."

61-80. *I pray you all*, etc.:—More gives a most spirited account of this proceeding: "Betweene ten and eleven he returned into the chamber, with a woonderful soure angrie countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so sat him downe in his place. All the lords were much dismaid and sore marvelled at this sudden change. Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have, that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protector of his roiall person and his realme? At this question all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much whome this question meant, of which everie man wist himselfe cleere. Then the lord chamberlaine answered and said, that they were worthie to be punished as traitors, whatsoever they were. And all affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brothers wife, and other with hir. Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of hir councell, Shores wife, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my bodie. And therewith he plucked up his dublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a weerish withered arme, and small; as it was never other. Hereupon everie mans mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrell. For they well wist that the queene was too wise to go about anie such follie. And, also, no man was there present, but well knew that his arme was ever such cince his birth.

Naithelesse the lord chamberlaine answered—Certainlie, my lord, if they have so heinouslie doone, they be worthie heinous punishment. What! quoth the protector, thou servest me, I weene, with ifs and ands: I tell thee they have so doone, and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap; at which token one cried, Treason! without the chamber. Therewith a doore clapped, and in come there rushing men in harnesse, as manie as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings—I arrest thee, traitor! What, me! my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. Then were they all quicklie bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord chamberlaine, whome the protector bad speed and shrive him apace; for, by Saint Paule, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off."

86. *Three times to-day,* etc.:—This is from Sir Thomas More: "In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune."

109. *They smile at me,* etc.:—Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

Scene V.

69. *come too late of our intents*:—In common speech a similar phrase is used—to come *short of* a thing.

76-79. *a citizen,* etc.:—This person was one *Walker,* a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, etc., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an Act of Parliament.

98. *Baynard's Castle*:—This castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman, who is said to have come in with William the Con-

queror. It stood on the bank of the river in Thames street, but was swept away by the commercial necessities of London.

103, 104. Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor; Penker, according to Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular preachers of the time.

107. *the brats of Clarence*:—Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.

Scene VII.

The Baynard's Castle scene in the third Act is called by Brandes an unforgetable passage. "Richard has cleared away all obstacles on his path to the throne. His elder brother Clarence is murdered—drowned in a butt of wine. Edward's young sons are presently to be strangled in prison. Hastings has just been hurried to the scaffold without trial or form of law. The thing is now to avoid all appearance of complicity in these crimes, and to seem austerely disinterested with regard to the crown. To this end he makes his rascally henchman, Buckingham, persuade the simple-minded and panic-stricken Lord Mayor of London, with other citizens of repute, to implore him, in spite of his seeming reluctance, to mount the throne."

5. *Lady Lucy*:—The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage to the present queen, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine.

9. *his own bastardy*:—This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloucester, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.

189. *Bigamy*, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

193. *some alive*:—Buckingham here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By *some alive* is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Anne, Duchess of Gloucester.*] We have not seen this lady since the second Scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

Scene II.

58, 59. *give out . . . die*:—The matter of the passage is thus given in Holinshed: "After this he procured a rumour to be spred among the people, that the queene was dead; to the intent that she, taking some conceit of this strange fame, should fall into some sudden sicknesse or greevous maladie. When the queene heard that so horrible a rumour was sprung amongst the communaltie, she sore suspected the world to be almost at an end with hir. And in that sorrowfull agonie she went to the king hir husband, demanding of him what it should meane, that he had judged hir worthie to die. The king answered hir with faire words, and with smiling and flattering leasings comforted hir, and bid hir be of good cheere. Howsoever it fortuned, either by pensiveness of hart, or by infection of poison, within a few daies after the queene departed out of this transitorie life."

109. *Rougemont*:—Shakespeare, doubtless, worked upon the following passage in Holinshed: "During his abode here he went about the citie and at length he came to the castell; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe, and said, Well, I see my daies be not long. He spake this of a prophesie told him, that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after." How much the fact, or rather, perhaps, the *fancy*, was thought of, may be inferred from what Fuller says of it in his account of Exeter: "There is in this city a castle, whitherto King Richard the usurper repaired. He demanded of the inhabitants how they called their castle; who returned the name thereof was Rugemont. Hereat the usurper was much abashed, having been informed by wizards that he should never prosper after he had met a thing called Rugemont. It seems Satan either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desirous to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard mistook the word,

seeing not Rugemont but Richmond proved so formidable to this usurper."

Scene III.

31-35. *Come to me,* etc.:—Here again the Poet runs close along More's narrative as he found it in Hall or Holinshed: "Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murthered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murther beforetime. To him he joined one John Dighton, his owne horssekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton about midnight, the seelie children lieng in their beds, came into the chamber, and, suddenlie lapping them up among the clothes, so to-bewrapped them an intangled them, that within a while, smoothered and stifled, they gave up to God their innocent soules leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetlie deepe in the ground, under a great heape of stones. Then rode Sir James in hast to King Richard, and showed him all the maner of the murther, who gave him great thanks, and, as some saie, there made him knight. But he allowed not, as I have heard, the burieng in so vile a corner, because they were a kings sonnes. Whereupon, they say, that a priest of sir Robert Brakenburies tooke up the bodies againe, and secretlie interred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which onelie knew it, could never since come to light. Verie truth it is, and well knowne, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower, for treason against King Henrie the seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murther in maner above written." This is the last we have from More.

Scene IV.

291-336. The following basis for this speech and the matter thereabout is found in the narrative of the chronicler Hall: "There came into his ungracious mind a thing not onelie detestable to be spoken of, but much more abhominable to be put in execution. For when he revolved in his mind how great a foun-

teine of mischeefe toward him should spring, if the Earle of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his neece, he determined to reconcile to his favour Queene Elizabeth, either by faire words or liberall promises; firmlie beleeving, her favour once obteined, that the Earle of Richmond of the affinitie of his neece should be utterlie defrauded. And if no remedie could be otherwise invented, then he himselfe would rather take to wife his neece the Ladie Elizabeth, than for lacke of that affinitie the whole realme should run to ruin; as who said, that if he once fell from his dignitie the ruin of the realme must needs shortlie follow. Wherefore he sent to the queene, being in sanctuarie, diverse and often messengers, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against hir attempted or procured, and after should so largelie promise promotions and benefits not onelie to hir, but also to hir sonne Lord Thomas, Marqueese Dorset, that they should bring hir, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as men saie, into a fooles paradise."

430. The issue of the negotiations with Elizabeth is thus stated in Holinshed: "The messengers, being men of wit and gravitie, so persuaded the queene with great and pregnant reasons, and what with faire and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent, and to give to them no deafe ear; insomuch that she faithfullie promised to yeeld hirselfe fullie to the kings will and pleasure. And so she, putting in oblivion the murther of hir innocent children, the living in adulterie laid to hir charge, the bastarding of hir daughters; forgetting also the promise and oath made to the Countesse of Richmond, mother to the Earle Henrie, delivered into King Richards hands hir five daughters, as lambs committed to the custodie of the ravenous woolfe. After, she sent letters to the marqueese hir sonne, being then at Paris with the Earle of Richmond, willing him in anie wise to leave the earle, and without delaie to repair into England, where for him were provided great honours and promotions; ascerteining him further, that all offenses on both parts were forgotten and forgiven, and both he and she highlie incorporated in the kings heart. Suerlie the inconstancie of this woman were much to be marvelled at, if all women had beene found constant; but let men speake, yet women of the verie bond of nature will follow their owne sex."

472. *What heir of York,* etc.:—"There were other heirs," says White, "who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked —Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward,

son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself."

496, 497. *leave behind your son, George Stanley*:—Here is the chronicler's statement of the matter: "When the said Lord Stanlie would have departed into his countrie, to visit his familie, and to recreate and refresh his spirits, (as he openlie said, but the truth was, to the intent to be in a perfect readinesse to receive the Earle of Richmond at his first arrivall in England,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart, before he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanlie, Lord Strange, his first-begotten sonne and heire."

529. *Hoised sail*:—On the 12th of October, 1483, Richmond set sail from St. Malo in Brittany with forty ships and five thousand men. In the course of that very day his fleet was seized by a storm, shattered, and utterly dispersed. The rest we give in the words of Holinshed: "In the morning after, when the rage of the tempest was asswaged, about the houre of noone the earle approched to the mouth of the haven of Pole in the countie of Dorset, where he might plainlie perceive all the bankes and shores garnished and furnished with men of warre and souldiers, appointed there to defend his arrivall and landing. Wherefore he gave streict charge that no person should presume to take land, untill such time as the whole navie were come togither. And while he taried he sent out a shipboate toward the land side, to know whether they which stood there were enimies or else freends. They that were sent were instantlie desired of the men of warre keeping the coast to take land, affirming that they were appointed by the Duke of Buckingham there to await for the arrivall of the Earle of Richmond, and to conduct him safelie into the campe, where the duke not far off laie with a mightie armie. The earle, suspecting their request to be but a fraud, as it was indeed, after he perceived none of his ships to appeare in sight, weied up his anchors, halsed up his sailes, and, having a fresh gaie sent by God to deliver him from that perill, arrived safe in the duchie of Normandie."

534, 535. *Richmond . . . Milford*:—The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pem-

broke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of Henry V. and mother of Henry VI.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

12. *All-Souls' day*:—Buckingham was executed on All-Saints' day, November 1, 1483. The story is told thus by the chroniclers: "The duke, being by certeine of the kings councell diligentlie examined, what things he knew prejudiciall unto the kings person, declared franklie all the conjuration, without glosing; trusting, because he had plainlie revealed all things, that he should have licence to speake to the king; which, whether it were to sue for pardon, or whether he, being brought to his presence, *would have sticked him with a dagger, as men thought*, he sore desired. But when he had confessed the whole conspiracie, upon All-soules daie, without arreigment or judgement, he was at Salisburie, in the open market-place, on a new scaffold, beheaded and put to death."

19. *the determined respite of my wrongs*:—The end of the time for which the punishment of his misdeeds was put off.

Scene II.

We have already noted that on his father's side the Earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor and Catharine of France, widow of Henry V. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI. and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The first Beauforts were born out of wedlock, though their parents were afterwards married. The children were legitimated, but the act of legitimation expressly barred them and their posterity from the throne. So that in himself Richmond had no *legal* claim to the kingdom. Nevertheless the Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess

Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.

Scene III.

11. *trebles that account*:—Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

19. [*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, etc.*] "It should be remembered," as observed by White, "that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of Richard and Richmond were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change. Sir William Brandon, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The Folio directs Dorset to enter here; but Dorset, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money-lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage-direction, it may be corrected without authority."

118. [*Enter the ghost, etc.*] It is quite possible that the introduction of the ghosts may have been suggested by the following passage in *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*:—

> "The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
> The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
> The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,

And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks *their ghosts come gaping for revenge,*
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' blood, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die!"

176. [*The Ghosts vanish.*] In this series of speeches the Poet has given a "local habitation and a name" to what is thus stated in the *Chronicles*: "The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enimies, and for that cause looked so piteouslie, he declared to his familiar freends in the morning his wonderfull vision and fearfull dreame."

179-206. *O coward conscience,* etc.:—"These are such pangs of conscience as would sometimes beset even the strongest and most resolute in those days when faith and superstition were still powerful, and when even one who scoffed at religion and made a tool of it had no assurance in his heart of hearts. There is in these words, too, a purely human sense of loneliness and of craving for affection, which is valid for all time."

301. *This, and Saint George to boot!*—"This, and St. George to help us, into the bargain." The historian makes him say, "Now, saint George *to borrow*"; which means, St. George *be our pledge* or *security*. This ordering of the battle is from the *Chronicles*: "King Richard, bringing all his men out of their campe into the plaine, ordered his foreward in a marvellous length, in which he appointed both horsmen and footmen, to the intent to imprint in the hearts of them that looked afarre off a sudden terror and deadlie feare; and in the fore-front he placed the archers like a strong fortified trench or bulworke. Over this

battell was capteine, John Duke of Norffolke, with whom was Thomas Earl of Surie, his sonne. After this long vant-gard followed King Richard himselfe with a strong companie of chosen and approoved men of warre, having horssemen for wings on both sides of his battell."

314-326. *What shall I say more,* etc.:—Thus Holinshed: "You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine." Holinshed copied this from Hall; but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakespeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the Poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

346. *let George Stanley die*:—So in Holinshed: "When King Richard was come to Bosworth, he sent a pursevant to the Lord Stanlie, commanding him to advance with his companie; which if he refused to doo, he sware by Christes passion, that he would strike off his sonnes head before he dined. The Lord Stanlie answered, that if the king did so, he had more sonnes alive; and as to come to him, he was not then so determined. When King Richard heard this, he commanded the Lord Strange incontinent to be beheaded; which was at that verie same season when both the armies had sight of ech other. But the councellors persuaded the king that it was now time to fight, and no time to execute."

Scene IV.

7-10. *A horse!* etc.:—Here once more we have a slight trace of the old play:—

King. A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!
Page. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.
King. Fly, villain! Look I as though
I would fly?—No! . . .

12. *Five have I slain*:—Shakespeare uses this incident with historical propriety in *Henry IV.*, V. iv. 25 *et seq.* He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, accord-

ing to the *Chronicles,* was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

Scene V.

4-7. *Lo, here,* etc.:—Thus in the *Chronicles*: "When the Earle had obteined the victorie, he kneeled downe and rendered to almightie God his heartie thanks, with devout and godlie orisons. Which praier finished, he ascended up to the top of a little mounteine, where he not onelie praised his valiant souldiers, but also gave them his heartie thanks, with promise of condigne recompense for their fidelitie and valiant feats. Then the people rejoised and clapped their hands, crying, King Henrie, king Henrie! When the Lord Stanlie [Derby] saw the good will and gladnesse of the people, he tooke the crowne of King Richard, which was found amongst the spoile in the field, and set it on the earles head; as though he had beene elected by the voice of the people, as in times past in diverse realmes it hath beene accustomed."

Questions on Richard III.

1. Is this an early or a later play of Shakespeare? What are the metrical peculiarities that help to establish its date?

2. Whose influence does it show in matters of character conception, and the dominance of the main figure in the drama?

3. What time is covered by the course of the action?

4. In what play is Richard's younger life presented? What is his character there, and in what acts is he exhibited that have their logical completion in this play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What is the mood of Richard in the opening soliloquy? What events does he celebrate? How does he describe himself? Does this description provide a motive for his villainy?

6. State the cause of Clarence's arrest? How was Richard implicated? To whom does he impute the blame in talking with Clarence?

7. What is the physical condition of King Edward?

8. In what humour does Richard comment upon his contemplated marriage with Lady Anne? What is his motive in this alliance?

9. Show the dramatic purpose of Anne's lamentations. Upon whom does she call down curses?

10. What traits does Anne display before Richard begins with her the *keen encounter of wits*? Why does he deny having killed Prince Edward and King Henry and then almost immediately acknowledge it? When does Anne first show that Richard's flatteries have begun to touch her vanity?

11. What induces Richard to offer Anne his sword and bid her slay him? Up to this point have you shared the same belief respecting her that Richard shows? What prevents her striking?

12. In quitting the scene what feeling does Anne show? In Sc. i. of the fourth Act how does she account for her yielding?

13. Analyze the state of mind of Richard as observed in the closing speech of Sc. ii.

14. To what office does Sc. iii. inform us that Richard will accede in case of King Edward's death?

15. What is the state of the king's household and the apprehensiveness of the queen concerning the state of affairs?

16. How does Richard make use of circumstances to lay blame for the imprisonment of Clarence and of Hastings?

17. What is the effect of Margaret's entrance at this point of the drama? Where has she come from? What is her personal appearance? How long is it since the battle of Tewksbury?

18. What especial words rouse her passion? How does Richard in lines 174 *et seq.* point out in her case the workings of retributive justice?

19. How much of her curse is prophetic of events to be developed in the action? What effect has her curse upon Richard as seen by the way he turns it upon herself?

20. What does she say to Buckingham? How is she answered by him?

21. How does Richard urge on the murderers of Clarence?

22. In Clarence's account of his dream (Sc. iv.) how does he reveal the ultimate causes of the disasters that he is suffering? How does conscience work with him? How with Brakenbury and the two murderers? Show how here is presented the dramatic element of contrast.

23. What passes between Clarence and the murderers concerning Richard? Does the dramatist lead one to expect that Clarence should recognize the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in his dream?

24. What is the immediate effect upon the two murderers of the committal of the deed? Show how Shakespeare differentiates the characters of these two.

ACT SECOND.

25. What reconciliations are effected at the opening of this Act? What is Richard's purpose in joining in them? Is it by his subtle contrivance that the blame for Clarence's death falls on the queen and her family?

26. How in Sc. ii. is Richard's deceit shown in comparison with the innocence of childhood?

27. Show how, as the Scene progresses, Shakespeare has mingled sympathy and antagonism in grief.

28. To what position in Richard's confidence has Buckingham been promoted since the death of King Edward? What is Richard's purpose in seeming to be directed by another? How much of their ulterior purpose is revealed?

29. Indicate the purpose of Sc. iii. What does Shakespeare think of boy kings?

30. What is the dramatic effect of the precociousness of the young York?

31. What news is brought by a Messenger? What further than the actual facts disclosed does it portend? Where does the queen go with young York?

ACT THIRD.

32. What is Richard's motive in accusing the Prince's uncles of deceit?

33. What act of sacrilege is committed through the advice of Buckingham? Characterize the reasoning he employs to the Cardinal.

34. Show the effect of the Prince's talk about Julius Cæsar, together with Richard's *asides*. What is further intended in York's covert taunts to Richard?

35. Who first proposes openly the project of making Richard king? Mention the obstacles that seem to stand in the way. What is Richard's method of surmounting them? What is his mental prepossession concerning his future? What rewards does he promise Buckingham?

36. Who is meant by *the boar* in the allusions of Hastings in Sc. ii.? Point out the irony of his speeches. In them how is the note again and again struck?

37. What stroke does Buckingham give to the fatuousness of Hastings? Show the purpose of this Scene in the scheme of the drama.

38. How does Sc. iii. exhibit nemesis? What are the retrospective and prophetic elements here presented?

39. For what purpose (Sc. iv.) was the assembly met in the Tower of London? Show the dramatic effectiveness of Richard's entrance. What is indicated by the episode of the strawberries? What does Hastings say of Richard's manner?

40. What pretext does he use to turn the tables upon Hastings?

41. With each recurrent tragedy what device is used to show the shadow of nemesis?

42. What is intended by the words of the stage direction (Sc. v.) concerning Gloucester and Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured*?

43. How does Richard account to the Lord Mayor for the death of Hastings?

44. How does Richard contrive to prove the illegitimacy of the Prince's claim to the throne? Is it prudence or humanity that makes him urge some reserve in casting slanders upon his mother? What does he say of *the brats of Clarence*?

45. What was the result of Buckingham's appeal to the citizens in Richard's behalf? How is Richard to appear before the Lord Mayor?

46. What arguments does Buckingham use to urge Richard to accept the crown? How is he answered? How does Richard finally yield?

ACT FOURTH.

47. Where is the first Scene enacted? What is the destination of the women? Comment on the manner of the queen's speech in line 18. What does Brakenbury's blunder foreshadow?

48. What news does Stanley bring? Is Richmond mentioned for the first time in line 43? In what previous play has he appeared? Why was he absent from England?

49. How does Anne recognize the ironic stroke of destiny in her life?

50. What is Richard's reflection when he finds himself seated on the throne? For what does the hesitation of Buckingham prepare?

51. Mention the exact point at which the returning action begins. What news is brought of Dorset?

52. What new crimes does Richard plan, and how does he talk of them?

53. How does the news concerning Dorset affect Richard? How does he show his superstition? What is his treatment of Buckingham?

54. Compare for effect of pathos the recital of Tyrrel in Sc. iii. with the scene of the lamentation over Arthur in *King John*. How does Richard receive Tyrrel? Compare him with King

John and Henry IV. What quality of cruelty does Richard possess?

55. What is the nature of Richard's fear of Ely?

56. Comment on the effect of mystery produced by the coming and going of Queen Margaret. Of what is she the embodiment? How does her dialogue (Sc. iv.) with the Duchess of York mark an advance upon Margaret's earlier appearance?

57. What completion of her curse does she find to taunt the Duchess with? What has Queen Margaret said to Queen Elizabeth that she summarizes in line 105? For what in the scheme of justice is Elizabeth's punishment? Is punishment always commensurate with error?

58. How does Margaret teach Elizabeth to curse?

59. What do Elizabeth and the Duchess demand of Richard? Is there any trace of fear or remorse in his order to drown their voices with the trumpets?

60. The Duchess lays what curse upon Richard?

61. Upon what frailties in Elizabeth does Richard play in suing for her daughter? What is the finally successful argument?

62. What comment does he pass upon her after her exit?

63. How is this purpose intercepted?

64. How does Richard lose self-command before Catesby? What does it imply?

65. How does distrust of his adherents grow in him? What is the cumulative effect produced by the arrival of messengers?

66. What is the purpose of Sc. v.?

ACT FIFTH.

67. Show the larger purpose of Sc. i. beyond recording the doom of Buckingham.

68. What stage in the action is reached by Sc. ii.?

69. Where was the final battle of the Wars of the Roses? What apprehensiveness does Richard show at the beginning of Sc. iii.?

70. How does Richmond spend the night before the battle? For what does the reference to Lord Stanley prepare?

71. What details show Richard's growing fear of disaster?

72. Who visits Richmond in his tent? What relationship exists between them?

73. What ghostly visitors come before Richard in his sleep? Is the dramatic and psychologic effect of these impaired by having each speak to Richmond?

74. What does Richard say of his conscience after he awakes? What does he say of love and pity? Does this speech prove him to be not wholly outside the human family?

75. What condition does Richard fall into upon the appearance of Ratcliff?

76. State the tenour of Richmond's address to his soldiers.

77. How does action affect Richard's fears and reflections of the previous night?

78. What report comes of Lord Stanley—the same character that frequently figures in this edition of the play as Lord Derby?

79. What is Richard's last speech?

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80. How does this drama differ from *Macbeth* in the manner of presenting the principal character?

81. Mention some of the difficulties in the way of the successful accomplishment of such a characterization as Richard.

82. How in this play does verisimilitude give way to other artistic devices? Mention some of the latter.

83. How does the character of Richard exhibit the frequent tendency among the malformed of avenging themselves upon nature? Has Shakespeare elsewhere employed this *motif*?

84. Mention some of the reasons why this play has been so popular in stage representation. Is more recent taste turning away from it and from plays of its type?

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